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WROTH.¹

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CHAPTER XXVI.

THERE is a salon in the Palazzo Mordante, small in comparison with the state apartments, which has escaped their solemn gloom. It takes a corner and looks from cross windows, one on the narrow street, one over more lowly dwellings towards the white spaces of Santa Croce.

This room had been allotted to La Roche-Amand; and here in the days that followed the arrival in Florence he had spent most of his time. It had been a pleasant and mellow solitude. Here the gentle philosophy of his years had returned to him, displacing the untoward emotions engendered by Juliana's ill-jointed love affairs. It is the privilege of the old to be wisely patient, to be content to await the ripening moment. It is only the young, with so much time before them, who have this precipitation of desire; the young who cannot endure delay, who must gather the bud and drive their teeth into the green fruit.

From his coign apart, Spiridion watched with infinite indulgence the moods of Juliana this first week. To begin with, there was an austere, religious mood. Her door was condemned to all but some charitable elderly ladies who formed a league of ultra devotion and good works: a small black circle, disapproving and aloof from the gay world of Florentine society. Juliana had always been a lavish subscriber to their charities; she now added

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her personality. What with meetings at each other's houses, discussions, visits to hospitals, the overseeing of old establishments, the founding of new, it was no wonder that she had few moments to spare, even for the old godfather.

Then came the *volte-face*. One morning Juliana ordered the great silver basket of cards to be brought up to her, as she sat for a rare idle half-hour in the corner room. All Florence had called upon her, it seemed, since her return. Among the grand historic names and coronets, there were six cards all bearing the same inscription: 'Lord Wroth—Palazzo Bandinelli.' It was the seventh day after their arrival.

Juliana laughed a little as she laid the six in a row upon the marble mosaic of the table.

'Every day, the poor boy!' said Spiridion, looking over her shoulder. His eyes were full of gentle amusement and content. These children! It had ceased to seem tragedy to him and had become a *comédie sentimentale* after the style of his youth, a comedy of which he could no longer doubt the happy ending. That marriage with the fantastic young lady of the green feathers seemed an infinite absurdity, a contract *pour rire*; there had been no seriousness in it. Without seriousness it must dissolve.

As he stood, smiling upon Wroth's card, a footman entered bearing another on a salver. Juliana glanced at it.

'Have you denied me?' she asked.

'Ma . . . !' Your Italian is quick of intuition. Giovanni's elbows flew to his ears, he grinned deprecatingly: 'These were her Excellency's orders.'

'Yes, true. Go, go,' said Juliana impatiently. She added the new card to the row with musing precision.

'It is the first time he has called so early,' she said, dreamily.

'Child,' said Spiridion, with some impatience, 'you cannot for ever refuse to see him.'

'I am not going to refuse any more,' said she abruptly, 'him or anyone else. We'll throw the salons open, *mon parrain*. We shall have a feast with music; you shall play for us; let it be for to-night. Battista has but to go round—he'll be charmed with the task.' She bundled the cards back into the basket. 'I go to confer with Battista.'

She nodded to Spiridion from the door. The severe beauty of her face was softened by an air of wonderful, youthful gaiety.

'I do not know my Juliana any more. I do not know her any more, faith!' said Spiridion, shaking his head. 'I cannot imagine what she means to do. And the young man who has never even been to see me—well, well, all is sure to come right.'

Meanwhile he had to practise, if he was to do his Juliana honour at such abrupt notice. The decision was over-sudden for his gently-moving age. Yet, to see her smile as she had smiled just now . . . it was worth far greater sacrifice!

The morning after Juliana's reception Spiridion sat once more in his little room, an open letter on the table before him. Good old man, he had seldom found himself in so singular a frame of mind, torn between conscience and inclination, between the dictates of a reasoned benevolence and the impulses of his heart.

The letter was from the Curé at Compiègne, indited at Madame Thomas's request to narrate the story of Miladi Wroth's seizure, and of her present condition of weakness. 'I believe the poor lady to be very ill,' wrote the Curé, 'but the doctor thinks she may recover, though the chest will always be in danger.'

That she would die—this gaudy butterfly, who had fluttered so irresponsibly across the lives of the two he loved—what solution, thought Spiridion, could be more simple, more satisfactory, more desirable? It was against this practical thought that conscience rebelled in vain: it reappeared in the wake of every new reflection. The party had left upon him a vague sense of uneasiness. Juliana had looked beautiful and the throng had been brilliant. The music had been academic enough, and his own contributions (he flattered himself) had been appreciated. But there were three or four things that puzzled and haunted him.

Imprimis, Milord's attitude. Wroth, man of the world, urbane, airy, discussing indifferent things with indifferent airs, was an hitherto unknown personality; there had been no trace of the impassioned lover, no trace of the romantic *beau ténébreux*, left in him last night, nothing of the man of single passion and single thought, whom Spiridion knew and had grown to love. The new Wroth Spiridion mistrusted. He was hurt, too, that towards himself there had been the same aloofness, the same mere social courtesy as towards all others. Yet twice or thrice he had caught, or fancied to catch, some strange looks cast by the young Englishman upon the group about Juliana.

And here came the second cause for anxiety. She had been very much surrounded—as indeed was to be expected. And the

attentions of two or three of the most brilliant young representatives of great Tuscan houses had been unmistakably marked. One goes quick in these matters under the skies of Florence ; and where the prize is so rarely precious, the race for it can scarce be soon enough entered on, in the simple minds of her sons.

Juliana's manner, it is true, had been, as usual, queenly and detached ; but, as hostess, she was bound to be gracious to all. Spiridion saw that Wroth had no word in private with her, except some parting phrase, as he bent to kiss her hand. What that phrase was the old gentleman had no conception ; but a silence had come over her from that moment. Decidedly the news of that poor inconvenient creature's death, if it was to be, could not come an hour too soon.

Fresh anxiety there was, then, weighing upon Spiridion's good heart that morning, together with a sense of guilt connected with his own unholy desires. Yet the very atmosphere about him irresistibly inspired other sensations ; a kind of reckless confidence that all must be for the best in a world where the sky was so blue, the sunshine so tangible. He wandered to the window recess, mounted its step, and stood looking out through the depth of wall over the low roofs to where Santa Croce blazed in white splendour. He held a glass of the yellow wine from the paunched *fiaschone* on the breakfast table and sipped it absently.

On the steps of the church a flower woman had installed her wares. Roses and irises were pink and mauve against the marble, carnations glowed like sunset glamour. Her umbrella was green, her kerchief orange ; what a captivating city it was ! Through the open casement the rumour of the town filled his ears ; his old soul wandered out happily into the spring air ; he did not hear lackey Giovannino's knock, nor note his entrance till the panting voice was in his ear : Her Excellency demanded his Excellency's presence immediately in her apartment.

Spiridion started. Through all his optimism the sense of impending event had hung over him all these days. The boy's face, he thought, was charged with importance. He set down his glass, paused a second by the table in hesitation over the open letter, then thrust it into his breast and hastened after the messenger.

Giovannino clattered down the stone stairs, padded across the great shining gallery with accustomed sureness, and flung open one of the panelled doors with a flourish.

As Spiridion approached, he heard Juliana's voice cry out from the room: 'I receive no one to-day. Understand? No one.' He found her pacing up and down, very pale, her eyes aflame; the folds of her grey silk dress rustled and rippled and scolded with each angry step.

Upon his entrance she halted, wheeled round upon him, and stood looking at him, the fine wings of her nostrils flickering with her hurried breath.

'Heavens, how beautiful she is, and how terrible!' thought the old man.

'You sent for me, my daughter,' he stammered, as if he had been the culprit. 'Something has happened——'

'Yes, something has happened,' she answered, with a short fierce laugh, her voice vibrating on strings of passion. 'Sit down, godfather. Yes, something has happened.' Again she took a stormy turn and again halted. 'Lord Wroth, the man who professed to love me, he has shamed me in the eyes of all Florence. The town is ringing with my name and his.'

'Just heaven!' cried Spiridion, in utter blankness of astonishment.

'You saw him last night,' she went on. 'I might have known. Did you watch him, godfather? I might have known, under his air of quiet, his charming social manner, there was the wild beast ready to spring. I caught his eye once or twice. It had the glare of his own wolf in the dark Abbey. He kissed my hand as he said good-bye. It was no kiss—it was as savage as a bite. Do you know what he said to me? "You are mine, mine, mine!" In French it cannot sound to you as it does in English. I loved him——' Her voice suddenly trailed off, veiled, softened by rising tears, but she fought them back, burning them away with a fresh flame. 'I would not have that love—that love is insult to me. I might be his mistress, as all Florence thinks me to-day——'

'In the name of heaven,' cried Spiridion shrilly, 'what has he done?'

'What has he done? Five of my friends, oh, my dearest friends! have been with me this morning with the story of what he has done. Go out in the streets, you will find my name bandied about in every corner. It seems the Marchese Canovai kissed my hand twice in farewell last night. It seems that young Prince Liechtenstein placed his hand on the back of my chair during your music. It seems that Florio Settignani, whom I have known

all my life, called me Juliana. Lord Wroth lay in wait for each one as he went away from the house, met each one in succession this morning, and has left a bullet in each one's shoulder . . . at exactly the same spot !'

The rare sound of an oath fell from Spiridion's lips (no worse one indeed than *Ventre-Saint-Gris*) ; it expressed intense astonishment, but at the same time an irrepressible admiration.

'This is phenomenal,' cried the old aristocrat. 'Three in one morning—shades of *Bassompierre* !—each at the same spot. What a shot the scamp must be !'

'You do not understand,' cried Juliana storming. 'My name ! my name has been used !'

'It is true,' said Spiridion, reflectively, 'these three very gentlemen are indeed already reputed to be aspirants for your hand.'

'But is it not that what I am telling you ?' she fulminated, and indignation went from her like the breath of the tempest. 'I am his ! He has blazoned it abroad, and no one must dare come near me ! I am his property ! You know the tongue of Florence ? You know how even the most rigid lives here are food for gossip ! Conceive what I am thought of now ! Does he think to force me thus ? Oh, my instinct was a true one.' She flung both hands over her bosom as if guarding its treasures. 'I knew his love was no right love !'

Into Spiridion's withered cheek crept all at once the sullen red. Another aspect of the situation presented itself. His Juliana smirched ! Her good name attacked ! The sweet sanctity of her life desecrated ! She was right, this was infamous betrayal, the young man's undisciplined passion had led him into the grossest outrage. But, worse than all, there was that deadly grain of truth about the position without which no lie can live.

Wroth, a married man, had followed Juliana from England to France, from France to Italy. And though Juliana had had moments of righteous rebellion, she had subtly encouraged, tacitly admitted. And, woe for Spiridion, he had been accomplice and abettor ! He gave a groan, and dropped his head into his hands.

'My poor child—what a disaster !'

Then he was minded of the letter in his pocket. The solution ! In his antique, conventional code of ethics, marriage repairs everything. This augur of freedom for both, he now thought, might do something to soothe the hurt pride of his poor child. So far can the most sympathetic mistake the mind of the one he loves best !

'Read that,' he murmured, and tendered the sheet with averted eyes.

She took it impatiently; went to the window with it. Then he heard her laugh and, glancing up, saw her coming towards him again, dropping the letter from her touch.

'Do you think I want her to die? Do you think that that would make a difference?'

Her voice was weary with the uttermost disdain; all fire had gone out of it. She let herself fall upon the great couch that ran at the foot of the carved and painted Florentine bed. She looked up at the smiling face of her dead husband and cold visions came upon her of that smile as she had last seen it, when, set in immovable irony, it had seemed to mock her youth and hope. Life so base a thing, and death the end of all! The last sting of the wasp.

And Spiridion was chiding himself; knowing her noble nature, how could he have thought to console her with such hope as this?

'*Hélas*,' he cried, 'I am punished! The wrong seemed almost right. But wrong is never right. We both did wrong, my daughter, and I the greater: for you rose from your weakness and tried to fly. Whereas I——' He broke off. 'I was most to blame, and cruelly we are punished.' He thought of the duel out of which he had been cajoled. Whatever the issue might have been it must have placed a barrier between Wroth and Juliana. He thought with deep repentance of his yearning to the culprit, his secret aid, his deliberate dallying with the irregular situation.

'We are punished where we sinned,' he cried again. 'Neither you nor I, my daughter, are of those who stoop to sin; but we were frail through our affection.'

He broke off suddenly. Juliana had straightened herself among the cushions and was fixing him with a glance of such anger that the purple of her pansy eyes seemed black. The olive of her cheek had turned death-white.

'What do you take me for?' she panted.

A second he stared, bewildered; then, still uncomprehending, perceived only that he had hurt her, and hurried to her side, full of the tenderest apology. But she flung herself from his touch.

'Only leave me!'

Sighing profoundly, feeling that the best of women must remain enigmas to the masculine mind, he withdrew in deep perplexity and distress to his apartment, to cogitate upon the course now to be pursued. Something must be done, that was urgent. Juliana's fair fame must not be left at the mercy of her mad lover.

CHAPTER XXVII.

As Spiridion was attiring himself in his most precise fashion, it became clear to him that there was very little choice of action for him. Only two or three things could be done. The seeking out of a few Florentine notabilities, and some discreet conversation anent the eccentric Englishman's infatuation—that must be his first move. A little straining of the truth would have to be tolerated here and there for the complete vindication of the Contessa Mordante's fair fame. But there would be scant deception in the asseveration that Juliana had given no encouragement here to the frenzied youth, unless the inclusion of him among her guests could be so considered. (He mentally rehearsed the gesture with which he would tap his forehead, dilating upon the proverbial Britannic madness.) He must, of course, make light of the matter, as far as it affected Juliana.

He might be believed, or he might not; something of his conversation, at any rate, would remain. And Italy is the country where the insanities of love are most easily understood and condoned. This tiresome round accomplished—club, casino, café, salons—he would next seek the sinner himself. Stern grew his brow upon that project. This time the offence had been unpardonable.

He found Wroth magnificently installed in the *piano nobile* of the well-known Cardinal's palace on the left bank, the present owners of which had been but too delighted to receive as tenant so notable and wealthy a lord. The windows overlooked the swirling race of the Arno between the two historic bridges; glancing down stream there was the sun setting blood-red over the weir; glancing up there were the high hills already purpling against an austere sky.

The note of the cypress pointed the evening in that eastward view with indescribable solemn emphasis, so late was it already by the time the old Count had finished his diplomatic peregrination. He could not feel that, with all his airy tact and persuasion, he had carried much conviction. Florence so much preferred to entertain its own picturesque version; it was too openly delighted with a scandal of such freshness and romance. In one salon Spiridion was teased about his championship, amiably bantered,

'Ta-ta-ta—tell that elsewhere, *caro!*' In another house, where one of the wounded was a close connection, he was not allowed to place a word in edgeways between torrents of abuse of the mad Englishman. Such an one was a danger to the world at large, and ought to be shut up. The grand ducal authorities should be invoked. As for la Mordante! Oh, la Mordante would have done better to remain in England with her lunatic! The idea of going over all that way to fetch him and let him loose upon us!

In fact La Roche-Amand entered the Palace with a lurking suspicion that he had done more harm than good, as is generally the result with such well-intentioned meddling. It did not tend to make him any the more affably disposed for his interview. This time he sat down; there could be no question of his adding the supreme absurdity of another challenge to the situation. But he waved Wroth's hand away with an irritable gesture. He was tired, dispirited, avowedly cross.

Wroth had sprung to meet him with a buoyant step, a light in his eye, a glow in his pale cheek. The old man was in no mood for these young Apollo airs.

'You have but one thing to do, milord,' he began abruptly, 'it is to pack up and depart.'

'I?' said Wroth.

He stood with his back against a round marble table, inlaid with the inevitable Florentine mosaic, leaning on it with both hands. 'I?' he repeated, and tossed back his head with a laugh.

'You, you and no other,' growled Spiridion, 'unless you wish the grand ducal police to undertake your removal. A pretty business you've made of it, young sir; a pretty return for my confidence! The lady whose name you have dared to take as a pretext for your odious bullying is gravely incensed. You have had mad hopes, Lord Wroth, resting on the most equivocal foundation. But such as they were, you have madly destroyed them. To be gone out of this place is now the only reparation which, as a *galant homme*, you can offer.'

The set mask of impassivity had fallen on the young man's face during this severe indictment. He glanced down, and there was a lengthy silence.

'I have touched him to the heart,' thought Spiridion, and instantly began to feel a relenting.

Suddenly Wroth swung himself backwards to a seat on the table, caught up one knee and clasped it with both hands. Then

he shot a full glance at his mentor. The look, the movements, were instinct with boyish spirit.

'But, my most dear Count,' he cried, 'this is on the contrary the very moment when I must remain in Florence. Oh, is Juliana angry with me? Do you know, I don't think I mind that. Anything rather than her pretence of indifference. Now, my dear, dear, excellent friend! (What, you're not my friend? Well, I'm yours to the death, anyhow!) What's all this to-do about a simple matter? Yes, it is a simple matter if you'll only understand it, the simplest in the world. I love Juliana. She loves me—pray let me speak—she loves me and you know it. Let two men utter the naked truth for once. Ours is a love, rare, simple, complete. Only for that empty convention of a marriage (which is no marriage) against us, we should be together—a union so glorious that the world has held but few such before! Antony and Cleopatra, Paolo and Francesca, Romeo and Juliet—two that must come together in spite of God and man. Well, what have I done? I am letting Florence know that she is mine. Is that so heinous in your eyes?'

Spiridion tried in vain to stem the flood of words. His first protests had been indignant. At last it was with an unwilling laugh that he flung out both his hands.

'For heaven's sake! But you are mad, *fou furieux*, my poor boy.'

'Mad?' echoed the other. He sprang up from the table to cast himself on a stool close to his visitor. 'Mad? Nay not mad, but a great deal more sane than all you folk who go hemmed in and bound by the wretched tape of convention. Look at it, for once, with the eyes of a man—without the social glasses. I must wait before I can marry Juliana, true, but she is mine already for all that; and I shall exercise my right to protect her from popinjays, presumptuous fools, and conquering bullies. It is my right to protect her, and I will.'

'Protect her!' ejaculated Spiridion, driven free of his last shred of prudence; 'but, good God, man, all Florence has it to-day that you are her lover!'

'Her lover!' echoed Wroth. A wave of emotion swept over him, dyeing his face and ebbing away to leave it paler than before. Radiance seemed indescribably to transfuse itself about him, as if some inner lamp had been kindled. 'Her lover! And am I not her lover?' he cried, and fell into a deep muse.

'My faith, a fanatic! . . . As good try and reason with him as with a dervish!' Yet the wonted spell was working upon the old man's sensibilities: the spell of the youth, the beauty, the passion itself, with its ruthlessness and single-mindedness.

'*Mon Dieu!*' he said to himself, 'we have the poet who is mad on his conception, the musician who is mad on his harmonies, and here, for once, there is a lover whose love is like genius itself, an absorbing flame colouring his every thought. . . . It burns all before it, listens to no reason, but, heaven forgive me, in that godlike frame how beautiful it seems to my old eyes!' He put out his withered hand and touched the shapely clasped fingers close to him. 'Listen,' he said coaxingly, 'believe me I understand far more than you think. But after all, this is a world of conventions; they must be conciliated from time to time. You've been—yes, yes, I must say it—you've been insanely rash, young man. Make the little sacrifice for her sake. Go away for a while until this is blown over. It will be for her peace, for her good name; and then later we can combine some plan—we shall see.'

What of La Roche-Amand's stern resolvé? What of his wrath? Here was he, temporising again; sympathising—nay plotting.

'When you have heard from your lawyer—' he resumed. This point brought back the memory of the Curé's letter. It was a powerful argument for the discretion of absence and delay. 'By the way,' he cried, bringing out the sheet in triumph, 'read that, *mon jeune ami*, and learn that your deliverance is probably nearer than you anticipate.'

Wroth started from his abstraction. It had seemed as if he had heard very little of the old gentleman's discourse. But the word deliverance aroused him; he took the letter, glanced at it, first vaguely, then with a kind of surprise; then finally, much as Juliana had done, he dropped it from his touch, with repulsion.

'I do not wish to hear or know anything of that creature again!'

'But I tell you she is dying!' shouted Spiridion, despairingly.

'She—die?' cried Wroth, turning a savage eye upon him. 'Such as she never die. Do you not know that?'

La Roche Amand picked up his letter without another word. One and the other, Juliana and Wroth, they were equally unreasonable, equally incomprehensible. He was at his wit's end how to deal with them.

'But you will leave Florence, leave to-night, even for a few days,' he pleaded almost tearfully at last.

'I?' cried Wroth again, leaping round upon him, with a return of his first manner. 'I? Beloved adopted father, I have another little meeting to-morrow morning, and'—as upon a sudden delighted inspiration—'the fellows at the Embassy tell me they dare not support me any more. You, therefore, shall be my second.'

Spiridion started on his chair. He choked.

'What! Another? This is too much!'

'Wait a minute, till you hear,' said Wroth. His face grew suddenly black. He laid his hand on Spiridion's knee; it had so great a weight of wrath that the old man could neither shake it off nor rise. 'Yesterday, one of Liechtenstein's seconds, a Florentine dog, said after our business: "You give yourself a great deal of trouble, milord. Do you think it worth while?" "Evidently," I said. "The old wasp himself was not so particular," he said then and laughed; he added something about old husbands and young wives—something he had not time to finish for my glove caught him on his foul mouth—and it is to be swords to-morrow, since the blow gives him the choice of weapons,' continued Wroth, with an abrupt change of manner. 'But I'm not going to be content with winging him like these others.'

He yawned and stretched himself, showing his white teeth like some splendid young animal playing with his own vigour.

Spiridion, who had been staring at him, bewildered, scarcely able, with the wearied mind of the old, to follow him in his various moods, felt a stab of apprehension at his heart. So full of life, so sure of himself, so audacious in his defiance of fortune. . . !

'Ah, *mon enfant*,' he exclaimed, 'never boast! I have seen many a meeting in my day, and how many have I not seen where your man who went out to kill was himself brought home!'

Wroth snapped his teeth together at the end of a second yawn.

'Must he not be killed, then, that blasphemer?'

'Tis a Florentine: nothing is sacred to them!—and it is you who have set tongues wagging.'

'Then I'll silence them,' said Wroth.

As Spiridion went slowly and wearily home, the image of the young man in his arrogance of health and nerve and beauty, his defiance of the whole world, his reckless indifference to danger, haunted him with ever-increasing melancholy. He had accepted

the responsibility of acting as second ; indeed, he could not have endured to let Wroth go out to this meeting without what little protection his presence, his age, his experience, his moderation, could give him. But boding was upon him. Was this to be the end of it all—the solution ?

CHAPTER XXVIII.

‘JULIANA, I have bad tidings for you.’

Juliana stared at Spiridion a second with uncomprehending eyes ; then she looked down again upon the spring flowers she was sorting, picked up a heavy-headed rose and settled it in the vase before her. Spiridion caught the moving hand between his.

‘My child,’ he began again, ‘you must listen to me. . . . There has been another duel this morning.’

She opened her wide gaze upon him, suddenly noting the grey pallor of his face, the trembling of his lip. She rose from her chair with a single movement.

‘He is dead !’

‘No—badly wounded.’

‘I will go to him.’

It was what he had come to ask her to do ; but her look, her toneless voice, the fashion with which she blindly pushed him on one side and rushed to the door, robbed him of speech. She did not hesitate a second or stop to snatch cloak or veil, but into the street she went with an incredibly straight, swift step ; passed with the same unseeing eyes the coach that Spiridion had left in waiting, and took unfalteringly the most direct lane for the riverside.

The coachman turned to stare and call after her and then hailed his grey-headed employer, as the latter came hurrying forth in his turn with shaken speed.

‘Useless !’ signalled Spiridion. He broke into an uneven run and caught up Juliana as, turning the corner, she crossed from the narrow shadowed alleys into the blaze of sunshine and airy spaces of the quays. He took her hand, still trotting by her side, and she let it lie in his like a child.

Many turned to look after them. Some stood still to watch and comment ; some even followed curiously—the wonderful pale lady, with her fixed eyes, and the old gentleman, half running to keep up with her strong swinging pace, both bareheaded in the

sun-beaten street; he, with agitated face working as he talked; she silent, not even turning her head.

Spiridion never knew whether Juliana heard one word of what he said to her during that short, terrible way. But, out of his over-charged heart, he had to speak, first in faltering attempts at comfort, then in explanation.

'It is not hopeless, my daughter, now that the bleeding has been stopped. True, it is a bad wound. But he is young—ah, and admirably strong! So long as this bleeding does not begin again. . . . He asked for you, insisting—the surgeon was anxious you should come at once. . . . But, there—there, I am a fool, a clumsy old fool to let you think so much of it! Such young wild cats have forty lives! So long as he is not agitated—that is very important; very important, you understand. He must not be thwarted—no shock, ah, that is all important! He must be soothed. . . . Soothe him, all will be right. No question of prudishness this morning—my poor little one—life is at stake.

. . . Thank God we are in sight of the Palace!' They had crossed the Ponte Vecchio and were once more hastening down the river bank. 'A few yards, my Juliana (God, God, what a morning it has been!)—I was his second, you know; you will blame me? Alas! my only desire was to do all I could for him—the duel had to be. Heavens, nothing could have kept those two apart! Wroth had struck him . . . that Aldobrandini who had spoken lightly of you, struck him on the mouth; and the Florentine came on the ground in a state of hatred such as I, who have seen many meetings, have never beheld in a morning combat before. They meant to kill each other. The night had been all too long awaiting the moment. Positively we seconds were of no use. . . . I could not tell you how it happened—such inveteracy! Our Wroth was the cooler of the two, but none the less fierce; the other—for all his repute as a blade—became like a madman the instant they joined steel. He was for ever closing—and the whole thing so quick that before we had time to exclaim it was over. . . . Wroth drew the first blood: Aldobrandini, in his rage, never felt the wound—so he said, at least. How it may be, I know not; but even as Wroth, seeing the red on his opponent's shirt, dropped his own point loyally . . . the other sprang for the opening. Eh, my God, had I been younger and quicker! . . . I ought not to have been second, I am too old. . . . Ah, the door, at last—now gently, remember, my little Juliana, gently!'

With the same singleness of intention that had held her ever since she had received the news, Juliana saw but one thing in the pompous bedchamber : Wroth's livid head upon the pillow.

He was stretched on the little camp bed which he had from the first ordered for his use instead of the monstrous canopied edifice proper to the room.

They had settled him low on account of the recurrent faintness, and he lay motionless, with upturned face ; but as Juliana bent over him, he opened his eyes and there was triumphant life in them. Her heart, which had stopped, started beating wildly again. He had seemed so still, set in a beauty terrible like that of death.

She hung over him a moment or two before speaking, gazing into his gaze. The surgeon, a harsh-looking elderly Austrian of military bearing, watched her with angry intentness. His patient's existence hung in the balance ; women were proverbially fools—and at the first display of emotion he was ready to eject her. Sebastian Picard sniffed audibly. Spiridion drew back into the shadows, averting his eyes—how could he watch his poor children at such a moment ? The unconscious tears were running down his cheek.

She knew nothing of these presences—she was alone in all the world with him.

'Wroth, beloved——'

A transient smile came to his lips.

'All is very well, then.' He spoke no louder than a whisper, but with extraordinary clearness. He lay silent a second, gathering his forces with indomitable will. Then came the clear-breathed words again, 'I will live.'

'Oh, my dearest—yes, you must live for me !'

The smile returned—leaped to his eyes.

'You know what you owe me ?'

Her heart melted over him like a mother's ; the merest flicker of life in him ; these exhausted veins, and the old perverse spirit untamed ! She bent to his forehead ; but something drew her—not the languid hand he could not lift, but the fierce purpose within him—to his lips. A moment it was as if the life she yearned to give him were leaving her for him. Then he sighed ; his lips grew cold beneath hers. She straightened herself and flung a terrible look round the room.

'He is dead !'

Already the surgeon had sprung to the bed. Spiridion caught Juliana in his arms ; he, too, thought it was the end.

'Take her away,' cried the surgeon, in an angry rasping voice. 'What did I say? No, no, he is not dead, but he will be so to-night, if we have more of this. (You, my friend, instead of snivelling there, bring over that phial.) Take her away, I say!'

They were in the salon, the double doors closed between them and the sick man's room. The whole place was still filled for Spiridion with that glory of youth and strength he had beheld there over night ; his heart was stabbed by the memory of the inert figure within, the countenance set in death-like quietude. Never would he forget the vision of those two faces close to each other, as white one as the other. He recalled the day when they had met—radiant in spring vitality—in the sunshine of his park, and he had watched the blood leave their cheeks.

His poor children. His heart lamented with the ever repeated cry.

'*Ah, mes pauvres enfants!*' he ejaculated, letting himself fall weakly into a chair.

Juliana started from her stony trouble. She turned and looked at Spiridion and her lip began to quiver.

'I am his wife ! I am his wife, and I cannot tell him ! I am his wife ! If I tell him now he will die. He will die and never know it !'

For one moment Spiridion thought the shock had turned her brain.

'Juliana—Juliana!'

'I am his wife !' she cried on a yet more piercing note.

'Juliana—my child !'

She struck her breast fiercely where the wedding ring lay hidden. 'I have his blood upon my soul. The blood of the man I love.' Her anguish rose with every word. 'I loved him, and I have murdered him. My husband—and I dare not tell him ! O god-father, our first kiss is our death kiss !'

Falling on her knees beside him, she flung herself into his kind arms. It was as if he held passion, grief incarnate. Sobs tore her ; the tears streamed. His heart was bleeding for her, his mind bewildered to confusion.

'But Juliana—but, my little Juliana !' . . . He could find nothing to say, nothing to do for her but to hold her close.

Juliana Wroth's wife! On the face of it, the thing was incredible. Yet, as he enfolded her, the conviction was borne in on him that the incredible was true.

By and by, when the storm had of its own violence exhausted itself, she told him her story; the singular, inexplicable story; the most inexplicable side of it all her own persistent holding of her secret to such complication, misery, and final tragedy.

'But, heaven be good to me!' he exclaimed irrepressively, 'since you loved him, since he loved you?'

The blood rushed to her face.

'I feared his love—I doubted it . . . I resented it!' The last words were scarcely distinguishable, but the old man, bending, caught them.

'Resented?'

'Oh, godfather, do not torture me!' She turned her face against his breast. 'I could not endure he should love me—so lawlessly—as a man loves a mistress.'

Spiridion sat silent for a moment or so, then he laid his hand on the dark hair.

'Eh, my daughter,' he said simply. 'What a mistake! Since it was no wrong in you to love him, since it was your duty even, you should, on the contrary, have given much and generously and without hesitation. See, child—where it is permitted, never fear love, never fear to love. By love alone is love sanctified. With each step apart you took in your pride you have pushed him down to a lower step of passion and resolve.'

He suddenly checked himself as her head drooped upon his knees. She lay like a majestic flower beaten down by the gale, drenched by the tempest rain. Fate had avenged itself upon her, as it does upon all those who play with great issues and elemental passions for some lesser stake of their own.

Juliana and Spiridion lingered in the Palace; the day drew to its close, and yet they were not readmitted to the sick-room. Spiridion's attempt to re-enter it had been met by the surgeon with almost brutal rebuff.

'The bleeding has broken out three times already; if it happens a fourth time, it is good-bye. No more of this sentimental nonsense, these emotions, these embraces. She was all but the death of him, I tell you. I'll not have her near him again, nor you either.'

'You do not quite understand how it is between them,' began La Roche-Amand, with his painstaking courtesy; but the other interrupted, overbearing.

'I understand that I have got the finest bit of anatomy I have ever handled to keep the life in—and I mean to keep the life in it. Good day to you, Monsieur le Comte.'

And before the inexorably closing door Spiridion had no choice but to retire.

The long, long hours through, from burning midday to the creeping of purple shadows, he sat with the stricken woman and scarcely a word passed between them. After her outburst, Juliana's silence had fallen upon her, charged this time with the bitterest knowledge that can enter woman's soul; she had injured the man she loved. Hers never was a hopeful nature; there was no ray of light on her horizon; she saw nothing before her but Wroth's death.

To Spiridion, however—incurable old sentimentalist!—as the moments went by they brought an ever-increasing conviction that the tangled affairs were beginning to be straightened out, that the young man must live, since Juliana was his wife. Inconsequent optimism! God (thought this man who had been himself horribly robbed of all he loved) would not permit these two poor hearts to be parted now. That kiss of Juliana's should prove life to her lover. Her presence would be of more help to him than potion or bandage. Let her be his nurse, and the moment would soon come when he would be strong enough to hear the wonderful truth. Yonder rough Austrian, who spoke of the young man's anatomy, what indeed did he understand of such a lover? It was the flesh he reckoned with, not the spirit.

It was quite evening when Sebastian appeared at length with a summons for the Count to his master's side.

'I shall come back to fetch you, my daughter,' cried Spiridion in triumph, and went hastily.

On the threshold of the bedroom the surgeon met him.

'He is better. He has asked for you. I give you five minutes,' drawing his watch. 'If you agitate him, his blood be on your head!'

The imperious, harsh voice started mingled resentment and apprehension in La Roche-Amand's mind as he passed silently into the room.

'By my faith, he speaks to me,' thought the old aristocrat,

'as if I were one of his "Kaiserlick" troopers. And, eh, *mon Dieu*, how shall it be given to me to keep this wild boy from agitation?'

But in the shaded light Wroth lay in a great placidity. Spiridion discovered that he had not been sent for to talk, but to listen. There were faint signs of increasing strength about the wounded man. He slowly turned his head at Spiridion's approach. The smile on the lip, the triumph of life in the eyes, were more distinctly present than before, showed in more singular contrast to the bloodlessness of the face. His voice was a shade more human, less of a mere ghostly whisper.

He took scarce one of his allotted five minutes to say his say; and when it was said it filled his hearer with amazement not unmixed with admiration.

'Bend to me close—that is well. Is she here? Take her home with you. I am going to live. When I am strong I shall come for her. Till then I will not see her. Have you understood? Make her understand.'

The eyes that had held Spiridion now released him. The slight tension of the prostrate frame relaxed, but the white lips still moved. Spiridion stooped anxiously to listen till he realised that the words were not for him.

'In the wings of her black hair there are hidden violets. Black hair has my beloved—purple eyes . . .'

The old man drew away quickly, in terror of the prohibited agitation. But if Wroth was wandering, it was in pleasant fields; a serenity, almost a joyfulness, was on his face.

'And there he lies and plans, at death's gates, oblivious of that other to whom he believes himself shackled. What a character; good heavens, the dear scamp; what audacity, what a will and what a love!'

Juliana returned to the Palazzo Mordante unresistingly. She made no comment upon the Comte's account of his visit and Wroth's message; she folded herself in her great silence as in a mantle. But when they came into the room where the flowers lay as she had dropped them that morning, and the pungent, sweet scent of them rose to her nostrils, she turned livid.

'No, I'm not going to faint,' she cried, as both her godfather and Panton hurried to her, 'only take the lilies away.'

(To be concluded.)

MR. GLADSTONE AT OXFORD, 1890.

By C. R. L. F.

Saturday, February 1.—‘There is a beard upon the chin of man which, pointed at the tip, leads on to fortune.’ At breakfast this morning I found H. H. H., A. C. H., J. S. G. P., A. H. H., C. W. O., C. H. R., and Mr. Gladstone. The Old Man rose and bowed as I came in and of course I bowed back. I took the vacant seat right opposite him, and we had much delightful conversation which I will endeavour to put down. But what was my amazement, when I got up to get my bacon and coffee from the fire, when he said, ‘I want a word with you afterwards, if it is not trespassing too much on your valuable time.’

‘My time has no value, Mr. Gladstone [I had three pupils waiting for me at 10, 11, and 12 respectively—poor beasts], but if it were much more valuable than it is, it would be wholly at your service.’ [Blue funk on part of F. for the rest of breakfast.]

H. H. H. said: ‘Half the people in crowded towns are unbaptised.’

G. ‘Not so in Catholic countries. A curate of ours went from Hawarden to a populous place in Nottinghamshire and found he had to baptise 1,600 people in a year; as for those of confirmation age and above it, he thought it best not to ask them whether they had been baptised. No, it wasn’t Nottingham itself. I can’t recall the name of the town, my memory is not what it was [then it must have been prodigious—it’s big enough now, though very erratic and capricious]; but it was a great scandal to the great landowner¹ of the place. Who was he? I can’t tell you; no, not the Newcastle family, but I can’t recall who.’

Someone asked him if there were fees for baptism. He didn’t seem to know. Indignant chorus from H. H. H. and A. C. H.: ‘No!’

¹ This reference to the ‘great landowner’ illustrates a point in Mr. Gladstone’s view of English life which Mr. Morley has admirably brought out in his ‘Life.’ The world was often to him the pre-Reform Bill world, in which the ‘great landowner’ would naturally look after both the souls and bodies of his tenants. Anything more out of touch with the world of 1890 than the notion that an owner of property in a large town would be supposed to know if its inhabitants were baptised or not can hardly be imagined.

G. 'But I think in Catholic countries all the sacraments are charged for.'

F. told J. D.'s story of the couple who lived for two months by getting their baby baptised in a fresh parish each day and getting a dinner out of the Vicar for their piety. G. laughed heartily at it.

A. C. H. 'Do you like the addition to our reredos, Mr. G. ?'

G. 'I hardly noticed it, but I will look.'

A. C. H. : 'We shall look for your opinion on it. There is great division of opinion on it in College.' [C. W. O. groaned.]

C. H. R. 'You know the heads of the statues in the reredos were copied from the heads of Fellows of the College living when it was put up ?'

G. 'Yes. . . it must have cost Bathurst a great deal of money.'

A. C. H. 'More than he intended, I believe.'

G. 'The sculptor, too, I've heard, was a man to make a good thing out of it. What was his name again ?'

A. C. H. 'Geflowski.'

G. 'Ah, yes, he was a shrewd man. But [to C. W. O.] you have been at Florence lately, and you've seen the new facciata of the Duomo ? My friend Mr. Leader is San Callisto there.' [Meaning that the statue of San Callisto is copied from Mr. L.'s head.]

C. W. O. 'Oh, yes, the man who has just written the life of Sir John Hawkwood.'

G. 'It was, I believe, a joint composition. Marino (?) got a lot of documents together for it.'

Someone started the question whether Warden and Fellows could still be buried in College Chapels. A. C. H. of course knew the law : 'The Warden always ; Fellows if they die in College.' Then someone asked me if it was true that leave had been refused to bury the late President of Magdalen in the Chapel. (I did not know.)

G. 'Leave ? From whom ?'

A. C. H. 'From the Home Secretary. I forget who he was at the time.'

G. 'Ah yes, of course I remember Palmerston refusing leave for a Canon of Westminster to be buried in the Abbey, which seems hard considering what a lot of people they bury there who have no connection with it.'

F. 'They still bury in the cloisters at Salisbury ; do they bury in cloisters at Eton ? Would a Provost have the right to be buried there if he had died in College ?'

G. 'I don't know. Where was the late Provost buried ?'

F. 'Either in Somersetshire, or in the Churchyard of Eton College Chapel.'¹

¹ See below, p. 608.

G. 'The Chapel was the parish church of Eton, of course.' [He remembers much more about Eton than about Oxford.]

The conversation drifted back to fees for sacraments, and A. C. H. said: 'Fees on marriage are irrecoverable by law. I am bound to marry two people properly banned and licenced, but have no means of getting the fee unless they please to give it me.'

G. 'It's the same with doctors.' [Wrong, Mr. G.; new Act, perhaps you passed it.] 'Now my doctor, Sir Andrew Clark, he's a very clever man and a very hard-working man. Eight hours a day? Sir, he works more like sixteen. He often gets no fees, though he has made a fortune larger than any doctor ever made. People send for him long distances into the country, and then give him nothing or the ordinary fee. He takes what he can get. He is utterly unmercenary. But you would be surprised to hear that no less a person than Dr. Hawtrey told me that I would never believe it, if he were to give me the names of people who never paid their sons' bills.'

F. 'It was the same at Westminster. I had a most interesting document in my hands the other day—a manuscript diary and account book of Dr. Busby, and it contains endless entries, against the highest names, of bills unpaid.'

G. 'Ah, that's very interesting. Now why doesn't someone write a life of Dr. Busby? that would be a volume of great interest. Busby was the founder of the Public School system of England, and the Public School system is the greatest thing in England, not even excepting the House of Commons. Those two: the Public Schools and the House of Commons!' (slapping his hand thrice on the table). 'Busby was a wonderful man: if I am not mistaken, he was made Headmaster under Charles I. and continued to be so until William III.'

H. H. H. (*laughing*). 'He must have been a pretty fair time-server then.'

G. 'No, and this is the point at which I am aiming—no one ever called him a time-server: he made the times serve him. Well now, his life must be written.'

F. 'Dr. Rutherford could do it very well; he is much interested: he wanted the Oxford Historical Society to publish this Diary, but, as it contained no reference to Oxford, we were obliged to decline.'

A. C. H. then led the conversation to Christ's Hospital and the precarious position of its endowments, and asked whether the scheme was completed. Someone told a story of how he had been there lately, and had had a conversation with the old porter, who declared he wasn't going to move whatever the buildings did. G. laughed heartily, and asked what they were going to get for the site.

A. C. H. '650,000*l.* I was told.'

G. 'What does it cover?'

A. C. H. 'Five and a half acres, I believe.'

G. 'It is to the south of Holborn, is it not?'

A. C. H. 'No, to the north.'

Then G. got boggled in his geography about the position of St. Bartholomew's, Newgate, etc. C. W. O. whispered: 'He likes maps, draw it for him.' F. drew and handed it over to him. Then he asked where St. Martin's-le-Grand was. He has quite forgotten his city, if indeed he ever knew it. Anyhow, he found H.'s figures far too low, and the conversation turned on the value of city sites.

G. 'I remember a firm—a very good firm, who had two small rooms in Tokenhouse Yard, and their rent was 300*l.* They began to expect it to be raised, perhaps to 400*l.* or even 500*l.* So when the landlord next called they were very polite, as he was to them, and he said they were such excellent tenants he would let them stop on at 1,000*l.* They were staggered, but accepted and made a very good thing out of it afterwards.'

He then quoted several instances of enormous rents which I can't recollect. H. H. H. asked him: 'Do you expect London to go on growing?'

G. 'Yes, continually. In another century London will have ten millions of people.'

H. H. H. 'But will not the decay of the docks and all the industries depending on them affect London very much?'

G. 'We can't tell yet. London is not like the great towns of the North, where there are a few great industries liable to sudden upset. Why do we never hear of great distress at Birmingham? Simply because its industries are so subdivided. Small industries are preferable to great ones for the prosperity of a town. Now everything is made at Birmingham; all the sham oriental curiosities you buy as you jump ashore through the surf at Madras [Why Madras? he's never been in India, has he?] are made there. But the whole system of Lancashire industries will be upset by the Manchester Ship Canal. That will cause a stupendous industrial revolution.'

C. W. O. 'Will Liverpool suffer?'

G. evaded the question, but spoke of the difficulties of the bar at Liverpool, and said that the Manchester Canal was likely to lead to the opening of another mouth of the Mersey.

O. 'Above or below Liverpool?'

G. 'They mean to cut through the narrow neck of the Cheshire peninsula.'

H. H. H. 'But don't you remember that at the time of the war scare the Liverpool bar was supposed to be a great protection—could easily be rendered impassable?'

I forget how the conversation got back to London, but something led Mr. Gladstone to say, with great emphasis: 'Now that those infamous coal dues are taken off. . . .' He didn't exactly know whether they were off or only to come off, but C. H. R. supplied the information and recounted how, when he was City Remembrancer, a petition was got up against these dues, and how the City got up sham and bogus meetings, 'as they know how to do,' in defence of the dues.

G. (interrupting and with humour): 'Nowhere is the art' [of getting up sham meetings, he meant] 'better understood.' [Much laughter, which delighted him.] 'But, do you know, I think Randolph Churchill's speech had a great effect in getting those dues abolished. Most remarkable man is Randolph Churchill. He went to that office [Exchequer] knowing nothing of figures, but having a natural capacity for the grasp of them, and I can tell you he impressed the Treasury and Revenue men very greatly. . . .'

One by one during breakfast people had dropped in and out, and of course many people took a part in the conversation, and much was said which I cannot now recall; but the protagonists were always H. H. H., C. W. O., and A. C. H. A. H. H., who is of course by far our best talker and likely to know more *de par le monde politique* than any of us, hardly said a word. Sometimes there was a little court of people half round and half behind Mr. G., who pushed his chair a little way back; and he had the prettiest way of half turning round to people and changing the address of his conversation. There was only one old Westminster boy present, F. W. B., and I think that, as usual, he had got up late, for he came in after the episode about Busby; but someone mentioned him as a Westminster to Mr. Gladstone, who forthwith asked him a string of questions about the school, and said 'in the seventeenth century it was much the greatest school in England,' and he reeled off the names of some of its greatest sons: 'Eton,' he said, 'only took the lead from the time of the Walpole family.'

The butler poured out Mr. Gladstone's tea for him, and to everything that was handed him he always said, 'Oh, thank you, thank you.' A radiant smile mantled on the butler's solemn face, and he looked a 'nunc dimittis.' You know that till '86 he was a great admirer and an ardent politician. He even christened his son 'Ewart' after the name of his hero.

Mr. G. half looked round at the butler who was handing him butter, when he said, 'the pats of butter are of the same size as they were in my undergraduate days, and so are the pieces of fish!' Yet he could be sharp, too. He quite politely but firmly shut up one of us, who, with singular want of tact, tried to draw him about the reasons of the unpopularity of the London County Council.

'Indeed; he had not heard of that—was not much in the way of hearing current gossip.'

A similar instance (writes W. R. A.) has been recalled to my memory by C. G. L. 'One evening some of the Junior Fellows, perhaps wickedly, tried to test the astuteness of the 'old parliamentary hand.' It was well known that Mr. Gladstone had not been altogether successful on his mission to the Ionian Islands in 1859; so X. started some subject connected with the Mediterranean, and gradually drew the talk nearer to the Ionian Islands. But long before we reached them something seemed to put the old gentleman on his guard, there was a momentary and very characteristic lifting of that well-known right eyebrow; and then, with perfect courtesy, he rose saying, "And now I think it would be very pleasant to see the moonlight in the quadrangle."'

I could add another. One evening in Common Room his neighbour was getting on to some political subject—I think it must have been Liberalism in Wales—and he turned it off by a story about Bethell which I have never heard elsewhere. Bethell was conducting a case before Lord Justice Knight Bruce, whom he did not love and who did not love him. Knight Bruce was of Welsh extraction and disliked any allusion to it: he was also a scholar, and fond of quoting classical authors. Knight Bruce interrupted the argument with a classical quotation. Bethell's opponent was at that moment in conversation with his junior, and becoming aware that the Lord Justice had said something, looked up and said, 'I did not catch his Lordship's remark.' 'Neither did I,' said Bethell, 'it was an observation couched, I believe, in the Welsh language.'

N.B.—Mr. G.'s Lancashire accent grows on one: he almost says 'gyarden' for garden, and does say 'propourrtion.' At last about 9.55 (this had lasted some fifty-five minutes) there were only two people left beside him and me; and I, thinking he might have forgotten, got up and bowed, intending to slip away; but he was up like a shot, and said, 'Yes, yes, come along, I won't keep you long'; but he didn't get up, so I stood by the fire through a short fit of silence. At last he moved and I followed him; he had forgotten his cap and gown, which I fetched, and he said: 'This is my own gown but a borrowed cap, and, as you see, it doesn't fit—my head is a difficult one to fit' (laughing). He led the way to his rooms.¹ F. said: 'You begin to know your way about College, Mr Gladstone.'

¹ The situation of Mr. Gladstone's rooms is a matter of historical importance. They were on the second floor of the staircase immediately beyond the buttery, with windows looking over the

G. 'Yes, but when I was last here my base of operations was the Warden's house, and that was in a different part of the College.'

F. 'I hope you are comfortable—they're very nice rooms you've got.'

G. 'Charming, everything I could wish.' (He then led me to the table, which was piled up with letters, and, taking one up, gave it to me.) 'This is from young Peel (the President of the Union Debating Society), and you see how it concerns you.' I saw that it didn't concern me in the least, and was beginning to wonder if I should call for help. I supposed at first he had mistaken me for some secretary to the Union (the letter was one inviting him to make a speech at the Union) when he suddenly began: 'Now concerning our conversation of last night, I thought better to ask your advice in the matter. . . .'

F. 'I see, Mr. Gladstone, you have made a complete mistake. I hadn't the honour of being presented to you last night.'

G. 'I beg a thousand pardons. I took you for Mr. Pelham' [who had sat next him in the Common Room last night].¹

F. 'The mistake has been a most happy one for me. Pelham has often teased me about my growing a beard in order to try and look like him; and it's a great compliment too, for he's one of the handsomest men in Oxford.'

G. 'My dear fellow, it was the beard! My eyesight is not what it was—you must forgive an old man—nor my hearing either.'

F. 'But you'll let me take a message to Pelham for you now. I'll go directly, and I'm sure he'll come.'

G. 'No, no, don't trouble, do sit down. Now I remember a man in the House of Commons when I was young whom we knew as 'the man with the beard.' Nobody wore beards then, and that was the origin of my mistake.' [And he laughed—a deep gurgling sort of chuckle.] 'But what I wanted was this. Mr. Pelham and I were talking last night about Egyptology and Assyriology and their connection with Homer' [My stars! thinks I, I've heard he does this kind of thing by the hour, and my Greek

large quadrangle on the one side, and over the Coffee Room Garden, towards Queen's, on the other.—W. R. A.

C. W. O., whose rooms were immediately beneath Mr. Gladstone's, says that he has 'a most vivid memory of the noise of feet up and down the staircase all day long, as deputation after deputation, and individual after individual climbed to the second floor to pay its respects to our visitor.'

¹ Henry Pelham was then Camden Professor of Ancient History and a leading University Liberal. He was the guest of the Warden at dinner, and Mr. Gladstone and he got on extremely well together.

is devilish rusty]. 'Now that, you know, is a subject in which I am much interested, and I have lately devoted much time to investigating the effect of the Assyrian and Egyptian myths on Homer's phraseology. And I thought perhaps, if, instead of speaking at the Union, I were to give the young men there a sort of informal lecture' [he's eighty-one, ye gods!]'—'a friendly talk, in fact, on the subject, it might be of interest to them. But Pelham said he thought (not apropos of this proposal, for I hadn't laid it before him) that the subject was hardly yet in sufficiently exact condition to lay before them [quite right, Pelham] as a regular part of their curriculum, and I wanted to consult him as to whether there would be any harm in my acting as I now propose to act.'

F. 'I should think it would not in the least affect his standpoint, which was, I understand, confined to the question of the regular teaching at Oxford. All he meant was it was too early for it to come in as a subject in 'the Schools.'

G. 'Yes, I'm sure he'll agree it would do no harm. But, do you know, I've discovered the strangest things about it. Now there's that epithet *πυλάρτης*, the 'gate shutter,' applied to Aidoneus' [he pronounces Greek in a foreign way that I never heard before, and, as I said, my Greek is rusty]. 'Liddell and Scott give no meaning for it' (and I'm going to talk to Liddell about that), but why should he be called the gate-shutter? Persephone

¹ This lecture at the Union was a strange performance. He told me a day or two before that he had been in some difficulty about a subject. I suggested that any personal recollections, either of Oxford in his undergraduate days or of the House of Commons when he first entered it, would be of immense interest. He said no, there were reasons against either of these, but that he had hit on a subject which he thought was sure to be acceptable. It was the 'connection of Homeric with modern Assyriological studies.' I wondered, and was silent; so did the audience wonder, while it was being delivered—wonder what it was all about. But when, at the close of the address, a vote of thanks to him was proposed, then we got the real thing to which we had been looking forward, ten minutes of genuine oratory, in which he told us how pleased he was to come back to the Union, to find that the President was the grandson of his old leader, Sir Robert Peel, and to live again, even for a short time, in Oxford, in a place of which 'he loved every stone in the walls.'—W.R.A.

² Liddell and Scott do give the meaning, and the one Mr. Gladstone mentioned. Moreover, it is not to *Ἀϊδωνεύς* but to *Ἀΐδης*, of which *Ἀϊδωνεύς* is only a lengthened form, that the epithet applies in the three passages where it occurs in Homer. (*Iliad*, viii. 367; xiii. 415; *Odyssey*, xi. 277.)

was the ruler of the infernal regions, and Aidoneus had nothing to say to it. . . . But I find in the series of myths given in [somebody or other's] collection of Assyrian antiquities that there were seven gates of those regions, and that when Ashtaroth, being a goddess, went thither on her own concerns she had to pass these gates, and, though she had some difficulty in getting in, she had none in getting back—whereas with mortals the difficulty was to get back. It's curious, very curious.' [N.B.—I failed to see how it bore on 'Αἰδωνεύς πυλάρτης, but that was probably my ignorance.] 'And again there's that number seven. There was a system of 'Επτά-ism in the ancient world—the seven gates of Thebes, for instance. And in the Assyrian version of the Deluge there are seven days of storm and one day of calm; which again is affiliated to the seven days of creation. [I have always heard that 'mystic numbers' are one of the last infirmities of noble minds.] Yes, Homer's epithets are very curious. They haven't been half enough studied, and they all have a meaning and many of them a mythologic meaning. Now again of the numbers. Why should Hephaestus make twenty seats for the Olympian gods? There were not twenty gods, or rather far more. But Thetis finds him making twenty. Now Rawlinson says that this number twenty was the mystic number of the Assyrians. . . .'

All this was poured out without my having a chance of getting a word except Yes and No, and other respectful expressions of astonishment. How long he would have gone on I can't say, but it had already lasted half an hour when the porter entered with a card from Sir Henry Acland, who was below. So I rose and said I would go at once to Pelham, and that I was quite sure that Pelham would approve of anything he, Mr. Gladstone, thought fit to do about his lecture. He again begged forgiveness for the mistake, and I assured him that it had afforded me the greatest delight; he said we should meet again at dinner. And I went off to tell Pelham, who immediately said he should go and get shaved.

Sunday morning, February 2.—I'm afraid Vol. III. won't be as interesting as Vols. I. and II., for the editor is tired. Last night at dinner I sat about three places off him, and the conversation was chiefly carried on with W. R. A., C. W. B., and C. C., C. H. R. hovering about the fringe of it.

G. 'Tennyson was the greatest poet of the century. Swinburne, yes, great, but rather same.' W. R. A. depreciated Swinburne. G. to a certain extent stood up for him. G. also spoke of the extraordinary sale of Lewis Morris's works: all depreciated him.

W. R. A. 'Have you read Bryce's book on America?'

G. 'Not all of it. I can't say all, but enough to see what a

¹ *Iliad*, xviii. 373.

valuable and laborious book it is. The Americans are astonished at it. The development of millionaires in America is extraordinary. Now there's Carnegie—Carnegie began at four shillings a week and is making 360,000*l.* a year. He wrote a book about it, which I did my best to have disseminated in England, but without success; but I got him to write an article in the '— Magazine,' which I regard as most remarkable. He there argues for the duty of making great fortunes and enumerates three ways of spending them. Two are bad—one is good. The bad ones—mind I don't go with him here—not in the first one—not for a moment—are (1) bequeathing it to your wife and children; (2) bequeathing it to anything else—in fact, to charitable institutions. THERE I AGREE WITH HIM, EVERY WORD' (slapping his hand hard on the table). 'The good one is (3) giving it away in your lifetime. He's always giving away, in England as well as in America, giving 50,000*l.* to a public library in America every now and then. Extraordinary thing the number of public libraries in America; they say there are over two thousand of them; there are no circulating libraries there. When the Royal College of Music wanted money and was begging twenty pounds here and fifty pounds there with great difficulty, and the Princess of Wales was trying everywhere for money for it, my daughter wrote to Carnegie and he sent her a cheque for 1,000*l.*, and the Princess was wild with delight. Now Quaritch deals enormously with America—it's the Americans who give the long prices for early editions, so he tells me. Does your library deal much with Quaritch? No? With whom then?'

W. R. A. 'With various booksellers.'

G. 'The rage for early editions is wonderful. Now, I had a little book, a first edition of *Alastor*, and someone suggested to me that it was valuable, and I took it to Sotheran or Westell, I forget which, who sent it to auction, and, after deducting the liberal commissions charged, I got a cheque for 8*l.* or 9*l.* Ah! but I burned my fingers the other day: I bought a little book, *Sterling's Poems*, for two guineas, and met a friend afterwards who had got an equally good copy for 12*s.*'

The storage of books was a favourite theme with Mr. Gladstone. C. G. L. remembers how he launched out on this theme one evening in the Common Room, and illustrated his scheme of bookshelves by an elaborate use of knives, forks, glasses, and decanters. In the Library, says C. W. O., the thing that interested him most was the collection of sixteenth-century Bibles.

The conversation slipped on to Lord Houghton and he told a story of Houghton's extraordinary love of paradox which he wished kept private, and another which he didn't wish kept private: 'It was one day at breakfast at Milman's (Macaulay was there)

and Houghton said that he thought any author was entitled to perfectly indefeasible copyright for ever and ever in any book; and in the next breath he declared that any person ought to be at perfect liberty to quote, extract, hash up, detach, pillage any piece out of any book he liked. And he maintained the two with perfect seriousness as both true.'

We came back to Carnegie somehow or other.

G. 'I dined with him not long ago at the Hôtel Métropole, but no pomposity, all very simple and nice. Yes, but a mere leveller, a mere leveller in politics; quite seriously, I dislike his politics. He has been taken up by someone whom I won't mention in the political world, who has made some use of him and floated a newspaper. No, I never see that sort of newspaper.'

The conversation turned on a then leading Radical politician and journalist, and W. R. A. boldly said that he mistrusted the man. R. C. H. spoke of the man's trying to make himself out worse than he is and ascribing to himself, in the smoking room of his club, all the vices under heaven.

G. was guarded, and spoke of him as 'an able man, a man of whom he knew little,' &c.

Much that I didn't catch; then

W. R. A. 'Yes, I put Boswell at the very head. The four best biographies ever written are Boswell [something inaudible], Morley's 'Life of Cobden,' and Southey's 'Life of Wesley.'¹

G. 'Ah! you're right, but not about Morley's 'Cobden.' I don't like it. I have the highest opinion of Morley. But I knew Cobden intimately, and he was a most remarkable man. The way that man worshipped Peel! The way he stuck by Peel and surrendered his own judgment to him. But the fact is that he had the most generous mind and one of the most sensitive. I remember Palmerston wounding him very much, quite unintentionally; Palmerston said lots of things which he did not mean, and never meant to wound anybody. But Cobden had said something in his speech which reflected on the conduct of foreign affairs, and Palmerston in reply applied to him the line "ne sutor ultra crepidam." Cobden was terribly hurt. Not an orator like Bright, but such a noble character, so simple and so strong.'

At coffee time I took an opportunity of asking Mr. Gladstone whether he had seen Pelham; he said, 'Yes, he came yesterday

¹ I do not think that I was so dogmatic. I said that, if I had to name the four best biographers, I should name Boswell, a long way ahead, then Southey's *Life of Wesley*, Trevelyan's *Macaulay*, and Morley's *Cobden*. If I recollect rightly, Mr. Gladstone accepted the first two readily, thought there was much to be said about the third, but that I was wrong about the fourth.—W. R. A.

morning soon after you left': and then laughed immensely over his mistake again. Then he bade me sit down by him, and still, I suppose, under some vague idea that, if not Pelham, I was his shadow or at least an ancient historian,¹ he began to speak of the conditions of the study of ancient history. Then my long walks with Pelham in Norfolk five years ago stood me in good stead. At first, like the Russians at Zorndorff, I 'stood still to be sabred like oxen, yea like sacks of meal' (see Carlyle's 'Frederick'); gradually I began to find my tongue.

G. 'And Rawlinson's lectures were not much attended?'

F. 'No, I believe not, indeed I think he did not lecture much latterly.'

G. 'Why did he resign?'

F. 'I think because he was made a Canon of Canterbury.'

G. 'No, no, he has been a Canon of Canterbury for years' [poking his finger at F.].

F. 'Of course, I beg pardon, it was because he got a City living and had to resign one of the three preferments, and chose the professorship.'

G. 'Yes, yes, that was it. But he is an authority, is he not? I mean his books?'

F. 'Yes, I believe great, especially on Phoenicia, though I saw a very unfavourable review of one of his last works in the 'Spectator' not long ago.'

G. 'He and his brother Sir Henry Rawlinson led the way to the discoveries of the most ancient histories of the East. I fancy he utilised his brother's knowledge largely.'

¹ T. R. illustrates this when he says, 'Mr. Gladstone always seemed to be more interested in subjects than in persons; he did not readily find out what kind of man he was talking to, and was often oddly forgetful of what a man in his position is usually careful to remember.'

C. W. O. adds another illustration of this: 'Mr. Gladstone remarked that we should consider it strange to be told that Cardinal Newman was unacquainted with the works of Dante; 'the proof of it which I can give is this,' said he; 'the last time that I saw my old friend at the Oratory, I took the opportunity of telling him that I considered his 'Dream of Gerontius' the most striking glimpse of the other world that had been conceived since the 'Paradiso': I was proceeding to enlarge upon this theme when he abruptly changed the topic of conversation, from which I could only conclude that he knew nothing of Dante.' That Newman had a modest desire not to talk about his own works had evidently not struck his interlocutor as likely.'

F. 'Mr. Sayce is the great authority on these things now. I don't know how far he has upset Rawlinson.'

G. 'But I am thinking of thirty years ago. Sayce is quite young. Pelham is great on Greek History, isn't he?'

F. 'Greater on Roman. You know he is a favourite disciple of Mommsen. When Mommsen was last over here he stayed with Pelham, who is following his plan of teaching. He wants to make a new Britannia Romana on Camden's model. I believe he has got a great work on the stocks.'

G. 'But how is that not to clash with Merivale? I thought Merivale was the standard work.' [F. don't know much Roman History, but he knows better than that—Merivale is exploded. F. didn't know what to say, wriggled and twisted, with the eagle's blue-grey eyes glaring at him about eight inches off his own—looked up to W. R. A. for help, but W. R. A., who was standing just above us, either heard not or wouldn't hear.]

F. 'I am afraid I'm not competent to say, Mr. Gladstone. I fancy Pelham will be able to fill up some lacunae in Merivale, especially in the later period.'

Somehow we got back to some of our breakfast subjects and back to Eton, as he so often does. F. said: 'We might refer the question of where a Provost is buried to W. R. A., he is on the Governing Body.' W. R. A. said: 'Provost Hawtrey was buried in the Chapel. I was at his funeral when I was a boy. The late Provost was buried in the cemetery on the Eton Wick Road. I attended his funeral, as a member of the Eton Governing Body, in 1884.'

G. 'Headmasters are appointed very young nowadays.'

W. R. A. 'Yes, when I was on the Governing Body of Dulwich several candidates were rejected because they were over forty.' G. seemed quite astonished at this, and said, 'But surely none was ever appointed under thirty.'

Chorus. 'Montagu Butler, Welldon, Rutherford.'

G. 'Ah!' [It would require black letter to give an idea of the depth and richness of his 'Ah!']

Chorus mixed up with itself again, and left G., W. R. A., and F.; and F. said to W. R. A.: 'I remember when Warre was appointed to Eton some people were afraid he would be cut out by a younger man.' W., knowing whom I meant, smiled.

G. 'Warre has been very successful, has he not? I hear the school is 1,050 in number.'

W. R. A. 'No, Mr. Gladstone, it has never quite touched a thousand. In 1877 it was within a few of that number—then came agricultural depression and the number fell off: now again it is at its highest.'

G. approved warmly of F.'s great enthusiasm for Warre. W. R. A. led the conversation to some question of finance, which led G. to

say: 'The man who knew least about finance, who was ever at the head of the Treasury, was the first Lord Ripon.'

W. R. A. 'Prosperity Robinson, you mean?'

G. 'Yes, he was so-called because he inherited a wonderful year of prosperity and a full exchequer.'

F. 'Was that the result of Vansittart's lowering of duties?'

G. 'Vansittart wasn't at all an able man.'

F. 'I only know about him from Miss Martineau's 'History of the Peace.' She gives him an excellent character, and so, I think, does Greville.'

G. 'Two very different witnesses to character. I've always heard he was a good man, but an able man? No.'

W. R. A. adds:—A financier of that period of whom Mr. Gladstone spoke with great respect was Mr. Herries, whose appointment as Chancellor of the Exchequer was an episode in the brief ministry of Lord Goderich. I think that the name of Mr. Herries arose on another occasion than that referred to in the text, when Mr. G. was talking of the Crimean War and of the scanty recognition given to the services of Sidney Herbert as Secretary at War. He then said that in time of war the work of organising supplies of all sorts was an ungrateful task, in which every shortcoming was denounced, while difficulties of administration were unheeded, and what was done well was unnoticed, and that the military men were always exacting beyond reason, and then he instanced Herries. Without the work done by Herries, he said, the Peninsular campaign could not have been carried to a successful issue, and he referred me to a Memoir of the life of Herries in which he told me that I should find a full justification of his praise. Herries was Commissary-in-Chief from October 1811–1816, and the Memoir, though in part of a controversial character, designed to rebut some disparaging remarks of Sir Spencer Walpole on Herries' qualifications as Chancellor of the Exchequer, establishes to the full Mr. Gladstone's estimate. But when did he, in the midst of politics, theological controversies, and Homeric studies, find time to read a little known biography of an almost forgotten statesman?

W. R. A. then spoke of Sir James Graham's great work in administrative reform, to which G. assented, but without enthusiasm.

Chorus gradually gather round G. in a half-moon, and G. begins to lay down the law on finance.

G. 'There isn't a country in Europe that has a sound system of finance except England. Now I'll tell you what it is. The instant the financial year is ended we in England have a complete, though rough, account presented to the House of Commons. ['Complete though rough' were not his words. I think the word was 'approximate,' but he used 'complete though rough' a minute

afterwards to describe the same thing.] It could be presented on half a sheet of note-paper—[he seized on that engine of finance, which happened to be lying on the table by his side, and flourished it about]. Now the French Chamber has a most elaborate and detailed system, but no one knows how far the Ministers will keep to it in the coming year. [I gathered from this tirade that the French Ministry pretend to present their accounts to the nation, and really present only the shell or exterior of them, and are then at liberty to walk round parliamentary restrictions at will. This I am sure was his sense, though I couldn't understand the details.] And all other European nations have followed the French instead of us. Their accounts are all a SHAM. We should be amazed, for instance, if we could learn the truth of the financial state of Italy. The aggregate interest of her debt is greater than our own. Yet she has only been twenty or thirty years making it.

Someone said : 'I think she had a clean start before Florence became the capital ?'

G. 'Yes, I believe she started with a clean bill of health then. There may have been some slight debt over from Piedmont, but there was none from the other provinces.'

C. W. B. 'And the local debts in Italy are so gigantic. In Naples they are raising loans at 15 per cent., and much the same in Rome.'

G. 'Really ? It is amazing. But why don't the Italian funds fall ? they are still standing at 95. What *do* the people in Naples and Rome do for a livelihood ?' [Ah, Mr. G., they were better off as honest brigands before you upset poor King Bomba.]

C. W. B. 'Taxation has reached its limit in Italy, has it not ?'

G. 'I should say it had certainly.'

C. W. B. 'And then there's the octroi' [G. shook his head sadly.]

G. 'But when I was last in Tuscany I saw no signs of distress ; jolly prosperous farmers, coming in with their goods to Florence ; they have very easy landlords, and seem to have a fair market.'

F. 'Val d'Arno's a very rich country—you mustn't judge the rest of Italy by that.'

B. thought the Po was in the Val d'Arno, and G. corrected him with great alacrity. Something then led Mr. G. to tell a story of a Greek who found his way to Hawarden, knowing no word of English but *Ἰλαδοτῶν*.

G. 'And I was at home at the time, and some of my people—the coachman, I think—went out and found him asleep in a barn—and at first they were for suspecting him ; but one of my sons went to him and they fetched me. I couldn't understand him, and my nephew Jack was there. Where's George ? Here, George, you're wanted—your brother was there, and he made him write down his Greek words of which we couldn't understand his pronunciation, and so we made out that he had come to see me.'

W. R. A. 'And why?'

G. [rising and shaking himself like an old lion]: 'Because he thought that in some way or other I was a friend of the Greeks. We didn't know what to do with the man; he hadn't a penny in his pocket. Heaven knows how he got there. But I got him a place in the Greek Consulate at Liverpool, where he is doing very well, and he writes me grateful letters.'

W. 'One is glad to know when an incident of that sort terminates so happily.'

I think this was the last point. It was 10.20; he rose and said Good-night all round.

[Then, of course, the rest of the juniors danced round F., harrying, badgering him, and pinching him to tell the story of the private interview of the morning; of which, of course, A. H. H. has several splendid versions already going, the best perhaps being this:—

'And then you know F. got in a blue funk when they were left alone and the door was shut, and Gladstone began in a solemn voice: "The remarks which in your levity you made last night about Egypt. . . ." and F. thought he must have been frightfully drunk over night and accused the old man on his foreign policy.']

At 8.45 this morning in chapel Mr. Gladstone was resplendent in his Doctor's hood; the Bible-clerk walked to T. R., our Dean, and asked who should read the Second Lesson, and then, on being told, went and led out the Great Man, who began at once: 'Here beginneth the Twenty-First Chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel—No; of the Revelation,' and then read that great chapter very simply, with his broad rolling Lancashire accent. F. H. T., who is a born singer and orator, had already performed Genesis i. with extreme beauty.

T. R. afterwards told me that when he asked him before chapel whether he acknowledged the authority of the Dean (*i.e.* to send him out to read), the old man answered: 'Mr. R., I acknowledge all constituted authority. I am the most conformable of men.'

'It is difficult,' says T. R., 'to describe Mr. Gladstone's rendering of the lesson; there was no striving for effect, but his reverent sense of the message he was passing on to us, and his perfect articulation, seemed to invest the familiar words with a new meaning. One day, when he read the Second Lesson at the Cathedral, Canon Bright (a strong political opponent) was reported to have said: "I can forgive him much for the light which he has thrown on the mind of St. Paul."'

C. G. L. adds: 'Equally remarkable was his reading of the Psalms. His deep sonorous voice continued reading each verse long after the rest of us had finished it. I can see him now bending over the book as if absorbed in the effort to realise each word: he seemed

quite oblivious of everyone else in chapel; and it was this same detachment that made his rendering of the Lesson so striking.'

At breakfast I was about the middle of the table and Mr. G. at the end, so I didn't catch much. Sunday breakfast is always a fuller table than week day. The conversation was principally between A. H. H., A. C. H., and himself.

G. 'A Norwegian or a Dane is more like an Englishman than a German is, a South German more like than a North German because of the Slavonic element so largely mixed with the population of Prussia, Mecklenburg, and Pomerania' [? Wendish—and is a Wend a Slav or even an Aryan?].

G. 'I have lived out of, and again into, the period when it is the fashion to give Sunday breakfasts. Now there's my friends Lord and Lady S.; they are famous for keeping the best table in London; when I first stayed with them they (being very strict people about Sunday) would have no cooking done on that day, but next time I stayed I was surprised to find a hot breakfast and a large party—they had been obliged, they said, to give in.'

Followed a story about Christopher Wordsworth which has escaped my memory.

G. 'Yes, I knew the Princess Lieven. She flattered and petted and toadied [the first Earl?] Grey till she could twist him round her little finger. It was quite a different thing, as she found, when she tried to play the same game with Lord Aberdeen.'

I did not catch the whole of his remarks about Grey, but the general tone of them was, to my surprise, disparaging.

G. 'When I was an undergraduate we ate no lunch except Leman's biscuits, which were all the thing then.'

A. C. H. 'But you dined at five—what long evenings you must have had.' [To my great regret I failed to hear more of this topic, but he went on for some time at it.]

After to-night I shall have few chances of meeting him except breakfast; he dines out every night for the next few days till he goes, which will be on Friday.

Monday, February 3, '90.—A poor budget. I thought I had had enough favour and kept discreetly in the background. At dinner last night there was a larger party, and I saw and heard nothing except when he chaffed me about my beard and said Good-night to 'Professor Pelham.'

Breakfast this morning; he told an excellent story apropos of the Duke of Cumberland's and the Duke of Cambridge's habits of swearing.

G. 'Lord Mark Kerr had sworn at some troops at a review before the Queen. The Queen sent for the Duke of Cambridge and said he must reprimand Lord Mark, which the Duke did as

follows : 'Look here, Mark, H.M. heard you swear, and she said she was damned if she'd stand it.'

G. 'The English people are extraordinarily difficult to work up to excitement on any question ; one may hammer away at them, and very likely they will remain quite indifferent ; and even if they wake up, unless you keep them hot long enough to carry it through they will go to sleep, and it may be fifty years before you can wake them up again.' [What a commentary on recent politics !]

G. [Eton again.] 'Now when I was at Eton there were four classes of boys. There was the idle and clever boy, and perhaps he had the best enjoyment of all out of the school ; then there was the idle and stupid boy, and he was well off too, *for his idleness compensated for his stupidity*. The clever and industrious boy was not so well off ; he did everyone's verses for them, and was generally made a beast of burden. But the worst off of all was the stupid and industrious boy. He had *nothing to compensate for his stupidity*.¹ I remember a specimen of the last class who had somehow or other achieved, with huge labour, a copy of Iambics. His tutor took them up between his finger and thumb, when they were presented, and said, with a contemptuous air, 'Todd, what demon has prompted *you* to rush into Greek verse ?'

G. 'I was present in Convocation at Oxford when the question of Catholic Emancipation was before the country.'

A. H. H. 'I suppose there was a brave debate.'

G. 'Debate, sir, not at all. Congregation [*sic*] agreed by — votes to five (slapping his hand on the table) to petition Parliament against Catholic Emancipation.'²

G. [Of Scottish patriotism, Carnegie again.] 'I remember one passage in his book. His first ideas of the majesty of office were derived from the Provost and Corporation of Dunfermline in their robes and chains (he was born at Dunfermline). 'What Mecca,' he says, 'is to the Moslem, what Jerusalem is to the Jew, what Rome is to the Catholic, that and more than that Dunfermline is and will always be to me. He has a true Scottish patriotism.'

T. R. once got Mr. Gladstone to talk of the Free Church of Scotland : 'I spoke of Chalmers as a 'High Churchman' ; he demurred to the phrase : 'No doubt there was a certain agreement

¹ This story was evidently a favourite of Mr. Gladstone's. I see from the Life that he had already told it in two speeches to schools, one at Mill Hill and the other at Marlborough. The next story is also mentioned in the Life.

² In the Life, where he again tells this story, the gist is the same, but he mentions forty-seven votes as given against the majority.

between high Presbyterians and high Anglicans, but not fundamental agreement,' and then he passed from the topic. I think his view was that a Church might have deep spiritual life though deprived of 'spiritual independence'; but that there cannot be a deep religious life in a Church which has not an adequate sense of the importance of the Sacraments.'

On the whole I am surprised to remember that there was little theological talk. He exhibited (on the first afternoon, I think) much interest in the fact that Bismarck had recently received a theological degree, and said that he was surprised that Jowett held no degree in theology. C. G. L. was able to inform him that Jowett was a Doctor in Theology of the University of Leyden.

There is an unaccountable lacuna in the letters between February 3 and 8. Letters were certainly written each day, though none so long as those of February 1 and 2, and I think that on each day, except one when Mr. Gladstone breakfasted out, I met him at breakfast. It is possible that the letters were lent to friends or otherwise mislaid.

Saturday, February 8.—Well, it's all over, and the Great Man is gone. The Domestic Bursar said last night it would be quite a relief when he had quitted the College without any mishap, for he (the bursar) felt such a responsibility on his shoulders. Last night there was a great party at W. R. A.'s house, and my wife and I were invited to the drawing room. When the gentlemen came in from the dining room, Mr. Gladstone came in alone and looked round, and presently came and talked to me. I presented my wife, and we had a good deal of pleasant talk. He was exceedingly polite and kind to her, but it was quite evident that his old Oxonian Toryism resented the idea of 'married Fellows,' and we heard from other sources that the whole of the woman element in modern Oxford was profoundly distasteful to him.

T. R. further elucidates this point: 'He spoke kindly of efforts to improve the education of women: one of his own daughters was a tutor at Newnham, Cambridge; but colleges for women at Oxford!—a deep 'Ah' indicated that Mr. Gladstone had misgivings. When Mrs. Gladstone was in Oxford a lady spoke of her visit as a 'pleasant surprise'; 'Not at all, not at all, ma'am,' said the old man in a tragic voice, 'there are far too many ladies in Oxford already.'

He told a lovely story about a Highland boatman which I reserve till we meet, and then got on to the late Bishop of Durham, whom he had met at Braemar and in Norway, and was much interested when I said that I had been in his house at Bournemouth during his last illness. He remembered J. R. H.

[the present Bishop of Rochester] on the Braemar visit, and asked what he was doing. He spoke much of the hurry of life in modern Oxford, and I said that I believed if the terms were longer we should not be so hustled. He agreed and commended the Scottish system of six months' term, and when I said everything Scottish was to be commended he smiled cordial approval, and spoke of the nobility of the Scottish student life and the peck of meal in the garret. Harcourt came up, and the wife and I retired. He at once began to Harcourt on Homer, which, as the latter is a man of science pure and simple, was a little hard on him. When he said Good-night to me, which he did very warmly, he said how happy he had been in College and how he would gladly end his days here. But, truth to tell, he was tired to-night, and though I suppose he lives an even more exciting life all the year round, the mere amount of talking that he does is bound to take it out of a man of his age.

This is the end of the letters.

The generation that knew Mr. Gladstone personally is passing away, and, as Lord Rosebery recently pointed out, the combination of 'bookishness' and statesmanship—to use the word 'statesmanship' in its popular sense, as equivalent to 'the art of governing'—is becoming rarer every year. But we who were young when Mr. Gladstone was old will, I think, never regret the week which we spent in the company of one whom the most pressing and arduous duties of political life had never been able to divorce from his catholic affection for all manner of books, and in whom no changes of political standpoint had weakened his affection for the University of Oxford.

TROPICAL CLIMATES IN THE POLAR REGIONS.

A COMPARISON of the condition of any region of the earth's surface in two far distant periods is a study of extraordinary fascination, giving rise to reflection of a still wider range. Such a comparison is most striking in the polar regions, because the contrast is much greater than elsewhere. Let us turn, then, to the discoverers of traces of the very earliest age in the regions of the pole. It was here that the present writer first began to read 'sermons in stones.'

Early in September 1850 the ships employed in the search for Sir John Franklin's expedition were fast to an icefloe which barred their way to the westward. Winter was rapidly approaching, and the ships had to winter in the open pack between Griffith and Cornwallis Island in $74^{\circ} 34' \text{ N.}$, $95^{\circ} 20' \text{ W.}$ Anyone can see the place on a map by looking where Lancaster Sound opens to the westward from Baffin's Bay, and carrying his eye along Barrow's Strait.

Being fast fixed in the ice, rather more than half a mile from the north side of Griffith Island, we were able to make frequent excursions to the shore.

I and my companion, the present Admiral Sir Vesey Hamilton, took many walks along the beach, and up the ravines of Griffith Island. The northern side consists of an imposing line of lofty cliffs, ten miles long, with a talus and beach, broken at distant intervals by snow-covered ravines, where beetling cliffs rise high above the white slopes. As we strolled along the boulder-strewn beach, we were much interested by the numerous fossils. The first that attracted our attention was a flat slab covered with the long, many-jointed stems of *encrinites*, some separate perforated joints like little beads. Soon we came upon many more of these slabs scattered over the beach. There were also two species of *orthoceras*, one afterwards receiving the name of *Griffithi*, three or four brachiopod bivalves, and some corals.

After exploring the beach for several days, we went up one of the ravines whence there were glorious views over the wide expanse of ice to Cornwallis Island, and the double hills of Cape Hotham marvellously refracted. In this ravine we were able to keep

warm by tobogganing down its sides, and here we repeated our parts for the theatricals. But my researches were not stopped by the snow of the ravine. Eventually I got beyond it, and reached the gentler slope on the southern side of the island, where a more interesting discovery of fossils awaited me. For on these southern slopes the frost had detached many trilobites from the overhanging rocks, singular crustaceans of a remote age, whose presence completed the revelation of the condition of the region now occupied by Griffith Island, in the distant past.

We thus came to know the fossils of Griffith Island, and were able to make a comparison between the condition of the region in two far distant ages. Personally, we knew islands bound in perpetual frost, with the temperature at -50° in March, and the sea covered with ice for ten months in the year. But looking back over countless ages, there was a change indeed. With the mind's eye we could picture to ourselves a warm tropical sea extending to the pole, probably a shallow sea, with a hot steaming mist hanging over it. The fossils of Griffith Island told us of the tenants of this warm sea. The trilobites were crustaceans with armour in transverse lines, so that they could roll themselves up like hedgehogs, and many were found rolled up. There were also two deep longitudinal furrows which divided the back into three lobes. We never found a head, but this missing part is well known in other parts of the world. The trilobites probably lived at the bottom of the hot primeval sea, and with them were great crowds of *brachiopoda*, bivalve molluscs with two shells not connected by a hinge. Their abundance indicates a plentiful supply of minute organic life in the Silurian seas. There were corals and madrepores, and forests of the beautiful stone-lilies (*encrinurites*). On the surface of the Silurian polar sea sailed several kinds of *orthoceras*, including the *Orthoceras Griffithi*, a cephalopod like a nautilus uncoiled and extended in a straight line, with cells like a nautilus, and smooth septa. If a nautilus may be compared to a ship, the orthoceras is a canoe, the prototype and first development of the more perfect form. It pursued a free swimming life, 'highly organised for the catching and destroying of the weaker marine animals, the lords of the organic world in their day.'

Thus, with a knowledge of the fossils on Griffith Island, we were able to build up, in imagination, the condition of the same region with all the denizens of its tropical sea, countless ages before it became a group of frozen islands with an ice-covered sea. The

comparison of the two periods must add immensely to the interest of those frozen regions.

Another comparison may be made between Melville and Banks Islands with their frozen soil and rigorous winter, and the same region when covered with tropical vegetation. There was indeed a contrast. Now there is a climate of extreme severity. McClure must have perished with all his people if he had not been rescued by the *Resolution*. The Griffith Island region was once a warm Silurian sea. That of Melville and Banks Islands was all forest-covered land. It is now a mass of close-grained white sandstone, containing numerous beds of bituminous coal, and scarcely any marine fossils. In former ages there were forests now represented by the coal-beds—forests which flourished for centuries, and then came to an end. But there are later evidences of the vegetation, either growing *in situ* or drifted. On Ballast Beach, on the north-west side of Banks Island, there are great accumulations of fossil trees lying about from the seashore to a height of three hundred feet. Layers of trees (*Abies alba*) were visible, obtruding from the rock. In one ravine there was a mass of wood for a thickness of forty feet. A cone of spruce fir and some wood had been fossilised by brown hematite. All this timber is, of course, much later than the coal vegetation. It resembles the present driftwood. Sir Roderick Murchison was of opinion that, at the period of its deposition, large portions of the Parry Islands were submerged. Trees and cones were drifted from the nearest lands on which they grew, and were eventually deposited on submarine rocks. Then there was a gradual elevation of land, carrying with it the drifted timber. Those portions of the wood which had been exposed to alternations of frost and thaw would become rotten; whilst those which remained enclosed in mud, when brought to light by the opening of ravines or other accidental causes, present a fresh appearance. The wood has been preserved in its ligneous state for thousands of years, owing to the excessive cold of the region.

Although the winter in Banks and Melville Islands is rigorous, the summers are times when the land is visited by game, and the Arctic flora is comparatively rich. Numbers of geese and ducks breed round the lakes in the southern parts of Banks Island, and there are herds of musk oxen (followed by their enemies the wolves), reindeer, hares, ptarmigan, and lemmings.

The comparison is between the Arctic Banks and Melville Islands of the present day, and the dense forests of the Carboni-

ferous period on the same sites. Then the land of forest slowly subsided, and was covered with an iceless sea. The submerged land was thickly strewn with masses of driftwood, and in the course of ages it rose again with its forests converted into bituminous coal, and its ravines piled thick with the driftwood, and it rose again into an Arctic climate. Here the sequence is more complete. We can imagine the growth and disappearance of the primeval forests, while the subsidence and upheaval explain the presence of wood in the ravines of Ballast Beach.

The greatest interest of all, in the history of the polar regions, lies in the semi-tropical forest which covered the Arctic continent in the miocene period. The discovery of this flora, which has also been found to exist in other parts of the Arctic regions, was first made at a place called Atanekrdluk, on the west coast of Greenland. The island of Disco consists of a vast tableland rising to 3,000 and 4,000 feet, and covered with an ice-cap, with slopes descending from it, ending in valleys and low land under the cliffs. The greater part of Disco is formed of gneiss, with an overflow of basalt forming a thick cap. The northern shore of Disco is separated from the mainland of Greenland, here known as the Noursoak Peninsula, by a channel called the Waigat, and at the head of it there is a discharging glacier, whence icebergs break off and float down the Waigat into Davies Strait. Opposite to Disco, on the Noursoak Peninsula, is the fossil-bearing cliff of Atanekrdluk.

On both sides of the Waigat there is a miocene formation, consisting of shale and sandstone with numerous impressions of fossil plants, and horizontal strata of coal. A cap of basalt, due to subsequent volcanic action, overlies the miocene rocks, and forms the upper part of the cliffs. The whole section is shown on the cliff rising from the seashore at Rittenbenks Kolbrott on the north coast of Disco, but the greatest number of fossil plants has been found at Atanekrdluk on the opposite side of the Waigat, where a steep hill rises to 1,080 feet. The rock in which the fossils are generally found is a sparry iron ore, turning reddish brown on exposure to the weather.

Collections of fossils were made by Captain Inglefield, Dr. Rink, Baron Nordenskiöld, and others. These collections were entrusted to Professor Oswald Heer, who in 1868 startled the scientific world by the announcement that there was a rich sub-tropical forest in Greenland in Tertiary times.

It was not until July 1875 that I visited this interesting

locality, when I was on board H.M.S. *Valorous*, coaling from the seams at the Rittenbenks Kolbrott. The famous fossil-cliff at Atanekrdluk, on the other side of the Waigat, was a point of the greatest interest, and on July 18, at 1.30 P.M., we started in a sailing cutter to visit it. The wind was foul, and it took us upwards of five hours, beating up amidst numerous icebergs and loose berg pieces, before we reached the harbour of Atanekrdluk. The hills rise abruptly to a height of 3,000 feet, ending in sharp basaltic peaks and serrated ridges. I visited the lower part of the section described by former collectors. The fossil strata are of ferruginous clay, 1,200 feet above the sea. I crossed a sandy isthmus which forms the harbour, and first came upon a mass of bright purple flowers (*Epilobium alpinum*), then ascending a ravine for about four hundred feet. From this point I was able to study Nordenskiöld's section—shales, with thin sand-beds, and coal-seams, the whole crossed by vast dykes of eruptive rock which are weathered out into distinct walls on either side of the ravine, or occasionally into conical pillars. One of these pillars is called 'Rink's Obelisk,' after the well-known Danish author.

It came on to blow hard with rain, and threatening dark clouds were banking up across the Disco mountains. The scene was indescribably wild and grand. A perfect army of icebergs was drifting down the Waigat, some of them of great height, peering up through the wild scud and mist, while overhead a gleam of sun, now and again, brought out a peak of the Disco range in bright relief, amidst the dark clouds. We hurried down to the beach and found the boat's crew cooking with the boat's stove under the lee of a spare sail. But it was time to be off, and the wind carried the boat swiftly out of the harbour with only the squared oars. Then we hoisted a close-reefed foresail, and scudded before the squalls at a furious pace, the boat breasting and dashing through the waves, while the white spray curled around us and flew from the bows. The spray also dashed wildly over the icebergs which were drifting down the Waigat rapidly, calves crashing off them with loud reports. It was no easy task to steer clear of these bergs, so thickly were they crowded together, and once a shift of wind, in a squall, took us aback, but there was plenty of way on, which saved the boat. It was a wild and somewhat dangerous passage, and we did not get back to the ship until 11 P.M.

This personal experience is given, in order to present a sketch of Atanekrdluk and its surroundings at the present time. Now

let us look back over the ages, and, under the guidance of Professor Heer, let us see what would be the conditions, in the same locality, during the miocene age.

The climate was at least 30° warmer, for some of the plants that were discovered will not ripen their fruit at a lower temperature than 65° Fahr. The country was covered with a magnificent forest. Oak, beech, and elm trees spread their branches over an undergrowth of ferns and mosses. There, too, were birch trees and chestnuts, planes, and poplars, seven species of pines, five trees of the fig tribe, cassias, two kinds of cycas, walnut trees and junipers, six kinds of *viburnum* (Guelder rose), three of *myrsine*, willows, and many ferns and mosses. There were also two kinds of *cinnamomum*, eleven leguminous trees, and magnolias. There were twelve species of *sequoias*, the most representative, the *Sequoia Langsdorffii* requiring a semi-tropical climate.

Such a glorious forest, for the beauty and wonderful variety of its vegetation, is unrivalled by anything in the world we now inhabit. In its vast extent it is also without a rival. The very same miocene forest has been discovered in Spitsbergen, limes, junipers, and poplars growing as far north as 78° 36'. From still further north, in 81° 45' N., Colonel Feilden brought from the coalbeds discovered there the evidence that a miocene forest once flourished, consisting of ten species of conifers, elm and birch trees, poplars, cypress, and willows.

The assumption is justified that all the Arctic continent up to the pole, if there was land there, was once covered by this splendid miocene forest. The distribution of land and water was very different in miocene times, when there must have been an extensive polar continent, clothed with forest. The winter darkness in the far north is not a great difficulty, for it is a mistake to suppose that there is darkness during the whole period of the sun's absence. The warmth is not so easy to explain; though its existence is made certain by the presence of sub-tropical vegetation.

In a very remarkable book called 'Paradise Found,' by William F. Warren, published at Boston in 1885, it is contended that the pole was not only the mother region of all plants, but also of all animals. Thoughtful men have looked to the regions round the poles as the direction whence vegetable and animal life have spread themselves over the world. This gives a general and not only a local interest to the study of the polar regions in geological times, when they were under the influence of a tropical or a sub-tropical

climate. For we must recognise that it is to the polar regions that we must turn for the explanation of many important problems which cannot be solved without the aid of polar discoveries.

The story of the north polar miocene forests has been revealed to us in considerable detail by Professor Oswald Heer. It gives rise to many speculations; but above all it must impress every thinking mind with the importance of making similar discoveries in the Antarctic regions. They must tell the same story. Captain Scott discovered a long range of lofty mountains in the far south, composed of sandstone capped by basalt, like the island of Disco. The furthest southern peaks, in 82° to 83° , were 12,000 feet high, so that there was no symptom of any termination of the range. It probably extends over the pole. One vegetable fossil was found, but so injured by contact with a flow of basalt that it could not be identified. Still it points to the probability that further investigations would be rewarded. Dr. Blanford has recorded an opinion that sedimentary rocks, containing remains of plants and vertebrate animals, may be largely developed in the Antarctic continent. He holds that the Permo-Carboniferous or *Glossopteris* flora came from the far south, travelled north, and replaced the older *Sigillaria* flora. Be this so or not, there can be no doubt that problems of world-wide interest await solution in the Antarctic regions. Deductions, from various points of view, all lead to the conclusion that, in the Miocene Tertiary period, and later, Antarctica was a warm region quite iceless, and with an iceless sea. The south pole may be supposed to have performed the same function in the distribution of vegetable and animal life over the southern hemisphere as the north pole is believed to have done over the northern hemisphere. Hence the paramount importance of continuing researches in the far south.

Not only is the interest of the history of the polar regions enhanced, but problems of world-wide importance may be solved by the study of periods when tropical and sub-tropical climates prevailed in the polar regions.

CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM.

A FARMER.

THERE are some people who, when they die, leave a gap in the world even for those who have only seen them at a distance. When he died, a whole country-side felt it so. Something had gone from the green glens and the purple mountain-sides; from the long, sweet, winding roads where one might never again hear the feet of his little pony trotting, and see him coming along with his kind old rosy face and his eyes bluer than a child's. People said: 'There is no one like him left. The country is not the same without him. He was a part of the country.' And it was so. He had become a part of the country. He was one of the immortals whose place in the serried ranks of the ages of men will never be filled by another made after his likeness.

He was of so dominant and energetic a character that the weakness of old age in him had a poignant sense of pain about it for one who remembered his prime. In the readjustment of things, that is always happening, day by day, for our dead, the memory of him as a quiet old man in the chimney corner, dreading the sound of a rough word, becomes dimmer and dimmer. Already we remember him only in his prime. He was an oak of the forest, and rightly one thinks of him in his strength, that stood a four-square battlement to all the winds of heaven.

If one were asked straight off, without thinking, to name his strongest characteristic, one would say, I think, his fearlessness. He feared nothing. Under his wholesome health he had nerves and imagination not known among his fellows; but his nerves had nothing to do with nervousness. I have driven with him in a thunderstorm along miles of tree-hung roads, when the blue lightning leaped in chains within a foot of us, and his voice, talking to and soothing his pony, kept the little creature from wild panic as his absolute courage put courage into my quaking heart. With him it was impossible to be afraid.

He had chosen a farmer's life, and it was the one life which seemed right for him. He had the intense love of the land which seems so peculiarly Celtic, and he had put every penny he was owner of into land—land of an unexampled richness, in which the

grass was to your knees any day of the year. He loved the land he had acquired for himself, loved it like a child ; but dearer to him still was the little farm which had belonged to his grandfather, on which he had spent his childhood ; every field, every hedgerow, of which had its stories and its associations for him.

The farms lay, almost side by side, in the lap of the mountains, swept by the sweet winds from the mountains and the sea ; yet to hear him it was as though one pent in the city had escaped to the moorland and mountain when he had driven behind his pony the little space which divided the two farms. To be sure, the little farm held the fields of his childhood ; and it was a far cry from them to the days when he should farm his own fat land.

He would pull in his pony at the top of an upland pasture, and sit inhaling deep breaths of the mountain air, while he gazed down over the placid fields where his own roan and strawberry cattle were standing in quiet groups.

He could spend hours in those fields, alighting now and again to feel the sides of his cattle, who bore his inspection with entire placidity, or merely pulling up his pony by a feeding group of them and eyeing them contemplatively, while he pulled away at the pipe which was never out of his mouth.

He had his stories of those fields, the very names of which—'Larry's Field,' 'The Cuckoo's Field,' and so on—had magic for him. There was a little ancient castle or watch-tower of the early Irish somewhere midway of those dream-haunted fields, which had its rath, its ghosts, and fairies. Under the shadow of the tower was a little thatched cabin of two rooms. He was so fearless that any story of the supernatural coming from him had a curious impressiveness. Once, as a boy, having been up from day-dawn with his grandfather's men when they went out milking, he fell asleep on a heap of straw in the inner room. In the outer they were playing cards by the light of a tallow candle. He could make you see it all, as he saw it through the doorless aperture between the two rooms. He could make you see and smell outside the night, the dews, the white moon of May, and the intoxicating air of the hawthorn, as they call it in Ireland. Within, the rough heads bent over the filthy cards, the dirty walls of the cabin, furnitureless but for the table and a few makeshift seats, the black thatch showing through the rafters, the shadows of the players' heads on the wall, their clutching fingers and bowed shoulders. He had the literary sense to make you realise all those things.

Suddenly he was awakened from his sleep by the loud voices of the players. One, ill-famed for the foulness of his speech, was in bad luck, and was uttering blasphemy after blasphemy, growing worse as his anger increased. Even his rough companions murmured and shrank away from him, and the lad, lying on the straw, felt appalled. There was a viler blasphemy than any that had preceded it, and suddenly a great wind forced open the door of the cabin, flung the players on their faces, threw over the table and the light, and drove through the place, dying away as suddenly as it had come, leaving the undisturbed beauty of the night as it had been.

Of his fearlessness I must tell one or two stories.

Once he had a friend who suddenly developed homicidal mania. Word came to him that the man had escaped to a loft above his stables where, naked as the hour he was born, he held at bay those who would seize him, for he was armed with a razor.

He never hesitated for a second. The entrance to the loft was by a square aperture above the heads of the horses in the stable. One had to climb first the manger, then the rack, and to pull oneself up to the floor above. That ascent into the loft, occupied by the naked madman with the razor, was, I think, a feat few would have cared for; the one ascending was so absolutely defenceless.

But so fearless was he that he was not conscious of any bravery in the act. He simply could not be afraid. He heaved himself into the loft as though it held nothing but the hay.

'Isn't it a shame for you, John,' he said, 'to be sitting there without your clothes? Here, I've brought them to you! Put them on for goodness' sake, and then we can talk in decency.'

He sat down on 'a lock of hay,' as he would have called it himself, and proceeded to empty his pipe of the ashes and fill it again. I can see him so well with the empty pipe on his knee, while he mixed the tobacco in the palm of his hand and talked in an even flow as soothing as the fall of waters. Meanwhile the naked madman in the corner had begun to clothe himself.

'Surely to goodness, John,' went on the quiet voice, 'you wouldn't be hurting yourself or anyone else with that razor! What on earth are you doing with it open like that? Why you might cut yourself, so you might! If it was shaving you wanted, the barber would do it for you. Put it down, man, before you cut yourself with it.'

The madman put down the razor quietly, and allowed his

friend to take possession of it. More, when he was clad, he allowed himself to be driven to the big lunatic asylum by the man he trusted. That was a part of the adventure which hurt *him*.

'I shall never forget,' he used to say, 'poor John's face as he looked out from between the big keepers. "If I'd known you'd have done the like on me," he said, "I'd have cut your throat with the razor." Poor John, sure it had to be, for his good!'

Another time it was a wicked cow that had nearly killed a man, and had a long list of sins to her name. She was loose in a field and no one would approach her. They were talking of shooting her. Anything that he did not know about cattle was not worth knowing. He walked into the field, despite the efforts of those who would restrain him. The cow came at him with her head down to charge. He waited; and at the moment of the charge he received her with a kick in the nose. She lifted her head and looked at him in amazement; then trotted quietly away and began grazing. He kept her for a considerable time after that, and she was quite harmless. Oddly enough, too, she evinced a particular affection for him. 'She'd let me handle her calf when no one else dare go near her,' he said. It would have been a serious matter for him if he had missed that kick, for she had been an ill beast from the hour of her calving, and her latest victim was only one of a long line. He was not young, then, and he had ceased to be agile. We used to reproach him saying: 'What would have happened if you had missed?' 'I didn't miss,' he would answer, 'and I knew I wasn't going to miss. And look at her now! A kinder cow you wouldn't meet with in a day's walk.'

Another time it was a dangerous bull, delivered to him in a frenzied state by a pack of yokels, half of them hanging on to it by ropes fastened to the ring in its nose, or its horns, the other half belabouring the poor splendid beast with blackthorns. He swept them away with one of his tempestuous bursts of anger, and they scattered like chaff before the wind, when they discovered that his purpose was to set the bull free. 'Hold on to him! Hold on to him!' they kept shouting from a safe distance. He opened the gate of a field where a herd of young cows was grazing, and turned the bull in. There was no further trouble with the bull after that.

I have known him to drive through a field of his own into which a neighbour's wicked bull had escaped, to cross the field with the brute roaring and pawing the ground in most unpleasant proximity

to himself and his pony, he flicking his whip gently about the bull's head as he went. Arrived at the gate through which he must pass to enter the next field, he clambered out of the pony cart, opened the gate and led the pony through, closing the gate behind him in the face of the astonished bull.

His fearlessness occasionally led him to do things alarming to his neighbours. Once he bought and sent home thirty Spanish bulls. The panic of the men who went to the boat to receive the cattle and were met by the wilderness of wide tossing horns, the terror of the quiet country through which they were driven, may be imagined. After all they proved to be gentle beasts, and no evil results followed.

Animals always loved him despite his tempestuousness. In anger he was tempestuous, splendid, like the storm wind. I can remember a big Irish kitchen with an enormous rosy fire that sent its glow far out into the night. From the hill half a mile away you could see the window-panes illumined in the night by that rosy glow. A 'half-door' gave entrance from the farmyard into the kitchen. Before the fire would be basking half a dozen dogs in perfect content. Presently in the yard outside would be heard a tumult. Something had happened; a man come home drunk in charge of a horse and cart, cattle overdriven: some such malfeasance or neglect of duty. The master's voice would be heard in a mighty shouting; and the dogs getting stealthily to their feet would steal one by one into the shelter of a huge kitchen-table, below which they could lie with their noses on their paws sighing because the master was angry and someone in trouble.

The odd thing was that no one resented those violent outbursts, not even those who had had a violent handling, well-earned, from him. His men were to a man devoted to him. Women always loved him; and an insolent domestic whom he had discovered browbeating his young daughters and turned out, declared always that it was the aforesaid young daughters who trembled before the termagant that were to blame, and not he.

He had in a most extraordinary way the spirit of the country. He was a wonderful talker, and as you sat listening to him by the fire he made live again for you the days that were over. Always he was filling his pipe or smoking it, interrupting the narrative to ask for a straw to clear the stem of it, or a match to light it, or it might be a wad of soft paper to put in the bowl of it to absorb the nicotine. He was an intemperate smoker, the only one I have

ever known who kept pipe and tobacco by his bedside and woke up at intervals during the night to smoke. He smoked very strong tobacco, enough to make the head of a younger man reel. He used to amuse himself by calculations as to how much richer a man he would have been if he had not been a smoker. As it was his splendid personality, his abounding health, the rose of his cheek, the unsullied blue of his eye, were a counterblast to the haters of tobacco.

He loved to talk of the Ireland which was out of our memories, the Ireland of the dances at the cross-roads, and all the old customs, when he was young, before the famine had brought the death into the hearts of the people and the emigrant ships had carried them away. He had been a famous step-dancer, and used to boast that he knew an incredible number of steps. He had much to tell. Reconstructing the old life in the glens of Wicklow, he would tell the history of this one or that one, branching off from the main narrative to tell what befell the other characters in the story: 'like a Saga,' said an Oxford professor who listened to him entranced for the length of a day, and would have gone on listening for many days if he might.

I pick up a book published in the late eighties by an American, who visited Ireland and sifted patiently all the evidence that came before him from men of opposite creeds and classes and politics and points of view, regarding the Irish question. The American took down what he heard *verbatim*. Here is a bit which recalls the days that are no more, in which his utterances have the Saga-like quality noted by the Oxford professor. 'A massive man,' the American describes him, 'dressed in thick blue serge of the wool of his own sheep, with a magnificent Landor-like forehead towering over a face that was one large smile.' I can see him and hear him as he talks, driving his guest through the mountainous country, flicking his pony gently with the whip as he talked.

'We took a delightful drive,' wrote the American, who was a gentleman, a scholar, and a man of literary taste and performance—an exceptional American indeed, who bore the name of an English noble house and called cousins with a dozen English families of the aristocracy. 'We took a delightful drive through the valley and back along the Wicklow hills. Here and there the lofty walls of some gentleman's demesne cut off the view; again we clattered along the ill-paved streets of a little village; and near every village were the ruins of deserted mills, and melancholy rows of cottages

with broken window-panes, of long-forgotten mill-hands. "There were fourteen or fifteen paper-mills here in my boyhood," he murmured; "now they are all obliterated, simply because the great thinkers of the Empire decided that there should be no tax on knowledge, and so newspapers were sold for a penny instead of for sixpence. All this looks well but it doesn't work. There were even up to three years ago ten or twelve flour-mills at work in this neighbourhood. They are all gone, ruined by American competition." In the good old times things were very different. I forgot the jolting of the car as he slowly recalled the past and some of its beloved figures. "My grandfather Cullen was a farmer with plenty of land. He supplemented his farm-work by dealing in timber. He would buy twenty or thirty acres of oakwood and strip the bark, dry it, and sell it in Dublin. Of the timber he would select what was good enough for shipbuilding, and the *d'bris* he made into charcoal. He and his two sons were weavers and all his daughters carders, and the family wove and carded the wool of their own sheep, and sold the flannel and dressed themselves in it: coats, jackets, and trousers were all home-made. They had plenty of money to spare for everything. Now there is not a weaver in the county of Wicklow. My great-grandfather Kelly was also a farmer in Wicklow with a hundred acres, but he was a hatter besides, and kept fifty men at work supplying hat-frames for the English army. I remember him well, and he remembered when the O'Tooles held Wicklow."

He would go on then to tell the stories of those who lived in that long-ago time; but the American chronicler, who only wanted to find out what the Irish question was all about, records no more of it.

This quotation reminds me of his wonderful hospitality. Every Sunday his delightful house was packed with guests—as many to dinner as the table would hold, with occasionally an overflow party in another room—additional guests afterwards for tea and an informal supper later. Tennis, croquet, cards, occasionally dancing, were for those who liked those forms of recreation; but the symposia in the dining-room after dinner were such as surely were not to be found in any other farmhouse before or since.

Story-telling, political discussions, literary arguments, were carried on with the greatest animation and good humour. Let me recall some of the guests. There would be John O'Leary, the old Fenian chief; there would be Douglas Hyde; there would be

W. B. Yeats ; there would be George Russell—A. E. There would be, or might be, one or two members of Parliament. Those were fighting days, and he and his household were tremendous Parnellites. During Mr. Parnell's last sad and glorious campaign he followed him to all his great meetings. He always called Mr. Parnell 'Charlie,' and he wore his picture, with a favourite daughter's, in a locket till the day he died. There would be journalists from the Dublin newspapers. There would be visitors from over-seas, all men of affairs, men of letters and politics ; women too. One of his daughters was a writer as well as a politician, and to her came constantly English, American, Colonial visitors, with letters of commendation where they were not already friends. There came parsons and doctors, lawyers and priests. There was a time when the priests came hardly at all—at least on the occasions of the Sunday symposia. Those were the days when feeling ran so high that even the magnificent spirit of hospitality could hardly tolerate an anti-Parnellite ; and the unhappy one who strayed by chance into that Parnellite fold was apt to find things somewhat unpleasant. In time the priests came back, and in later years, when the great soreness and grief for Parnell's betrayal and death were less raw, the priests came in for friendly hard hitting, and took it like the gentlemen and men of the world they are. At one time or another men and women of many classes, creeds, and opinions met at that hospitable table. Only the dullard was barred out.

It was a part of his fearlessness that he was always ready to oppose the priests in secular matters, where he thought they were in the wrong. The Parnellite man of those days was apt sometimes to oppose the priests unreasonably. Occasionally some of the hot-headed would even stand up and walk out of the church during Mass because a priest had delivered an anti-Parnellite diatribe from the altar. He was never so illogical and unreasonable. He had always opposed the undue domination of the priests in politics, from the time he had been a Young Irelander and adored John Mitchel. He opposed them when it came to a question of abandoning Mr. Parnell, and fought the campaign against them fearlessly. But when the first rankling bitterness was done and over, the priests came back to the hospitable board in the hospitable house. They respected the man who had fought them logically and fearlessly ; and being, as I have always maintained, the most reasonable body of men in Ireland, they took the hard hitting like the men of the world and the other-worldly men they are,

and gave him the solace of their friendship and their help in the years that followed.

So many strangers came to that hospitable board. There was hardly a Sunday of the year when he did not drive off after breakfast to pick up a couple of visiting English or Americans or Colonials at the light-railway station, and to take them a drive through the country before bringing them home to lunch. He was always ready to entertain those visitors in the first place for his writing daughter till she should be ready for them. He had such a wonderful interest in things and people. Sometimes he had no clue and she had no clue as to what the visitors might look like. He was always ready to discover them and receive them in a way that filled them with pleasure. He would pay an innocent, audacious compliment to a woman which was irresistible. Once he met an American mother and daughter.

'My daughter told me,' he said, 'to look out for two ladies who were mother and daughter. She did not tell me that I should find two so young and so pretty that they might pass for twin-sisters.'

He delighted all manner of men, but still more all manner of women. Being of that dominant nature that he would sometimes roar down a man in argument, he was invariably gentle with women and he had peculiarly the gift of pleasing them.

Some of his memories went far back. He had known various historic personages. Major Sirr, hated in Ireland as the man who captured and mortally wounded Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the bright, the beautiful, the immortally young, had patted his curly flaxen locks as a child. His evidence about Major Sirr was rather in the direction of rehabilitating him. He was never one for conventional beliefs; and while he yielded to no one in his love for Lord Edward, he was none the less impartial as regards him whom many people would call Lord Edward's murderer.

'When I was a flaxen-haired child,' he said, 'I used to play about the Castle yard. One day we had been playing marbles on the steps of a house when the door opened, and a man whom I took to be a tall man hurriedly came out. My companions scattered, but I remained. He took me by the chin, and lifting it up looked down into my eyes. "Well, little boy, do you often play marbles on my steps?" he asked. "Very often," I said, fearlessly. "And hop-scotch, and spinning tops, and all your other games?" "Yes, sir." "Well, you can go on playing them, and don't be afraid."

After he had gone the others, running back, cried out, "Did you know it was Major Sirr?" I had had no idea indeed that it was he whose name was something of a bugaboo to frighten children in the dark.

'Hated as he was, however, he had the reputation as a magistrate of being fair and impartial. There was a friend of my grandfather's, Edward Byrne, like himself a Wicklow man, settled in Dublin. One night he was walking home after enjoying an evening with some friends. He was three sheets in the wind, and as he was going down George's Street he struck up a good old Croppy song—"Billy Byrne of Ballymanus"—in a most loud and stentorian voice. He was suddenly confronted by a tall man who walked up to him, and, without speaking a word, struck him a blow on the side of the face, which, Byrne not being very steady, knocked him into the gutter. Byrne, who was a powerful and athletic man, belonging to a very pugilistic family, and being own uncle to Simon Byrne who never met a man that he could not beat boxing, leaped to his feet, rushed on his assailant with all the force and power in him, and knowing he had a foe of both courage and science to contend with, he rained a shower of terrific blows on him, which felled him to the ground. "Get up," said Byrne, "I strike no man when he is down," at the same time receding some paces. In an instant the man leaped to his feet, but instead of advancing to the fray he emitted a piercing whistle, and in a minute there rushed up ten or twelve of the most powerful men of the Dublin Watch. After a prolonged struggle they succeeded in felling Byrne, bound him, and carried him off to the old Werburgh Street lock-up or watch-house.

'Now Byrne was well known to the watchmen, and one of them summoned my grandfather to stand by his friend in his trouble. The next morning the two appeared before Major Sirr, in whom Byrne, to his alarm, recognised his opponent of last night.

'The Major looked steadfastly at him.

"Your name is Edward Byrne, I see, but you are not a Dublin man."

"No, indeed, sir. I belong to Wicklow."

"Ha! So you are one of the Wicklow Byrnes. Mr. Byrne, what right had you to be disturbing the peace of the citizens of Dublin after midnight, when I was fortunate to meet with you?"

"No right, sir. I didn't know where I was. I didn't know it was Dublin at all. I thought myself back on the Wicklow hills."

"Mr. Byrne, are you as good a man to-day as you were last night?"

"I am not, sir. It wasn't me was in it last night: it was the drink I had taken."

"Mr. Byrne, will you promise me that I shall not find you brawling in the streets of Dublin again?"

"Indeed I will, sir."

"Well, then, you may go with your friend."

Of Major Sirr's personal courage there was no doubt. He went the rounds of the city every night alone, though there were watchmen within sound of his whistle. Yet he knew that three-fourths of the citizens of Dublin would rejoice in his death.

My grandfather had a case before him once. He had bought a horse from one of two brothers, and it having been in his possession some days, the other brother claimed it, saying his brother had no right to dispose of it. He had brought a number of his friends with him, and, my grandfather disputing his claim, they made an attempt to seize the horse by force. My grandfather's neighbours rallied round him, and after a pitched battle he was able to retain the horse. He then summoned the man before Major Sirr for assault and attempting to seize the horse by force.

"How much did you pay for the horse?" the major asked my grandfather.

"Twenty pounds, sir."

"Are you prepared to hand over the twenty pounds and take your horse?" he asked the other.

"No, sir."

"In that case," said the major, "the horse is the property of this man who purchased him. All I can do for you is, if you will bring your brother before me I will transport him."

To me it brings the most vivid sensation of comfort and quiet safety to think of him in his arm-chair as he told this and many another story. I used to come home down the hill from a long winter's walk, part of it in darkness, the intense darkness of the tree-overhung Irish roads. At the top of the hill I would see below me in the valley shining the lit kitchen window. There I knew I should find him sitting, new come in from his fields, his leggings still on, and the clay of the fields about him, talking to his old steward of the work and the crops and the cattle, and what beasts were ready for market, and what were the prospects for this and that crop, and the coming fairs, and so on. It used to lift up my

heart in the darkness to think of him sitting there in the firelight, the dogs at his feet, talking away as quietly as the flowing of a river, till it should be time for him to get out of his outdoor things and join the family meal in the dining-room beyond.

He was extraordinarily generous. In fact, so giving was he that many people supposed him to be a wealthy man when he was no such thing. To those he loved he would give royally. He exhaled a certain big generosity. His rich sense of humour was touched once when a tinker—i.e. a gipsy—who had year after year, times innumerable, opened the gates leading to his fattest pastures or his most promising meadow and turned the whole herd of asses (to speak of a donkey in Ireland is to give yourself airs) to graze upon them, invited him to pay for getting the asses out of pound. Those asses were the plague of the countryside. No man's crops were safe from them. It was a great blessing when the tinker did a deal with Government and sold the asses for exportation to South Africa. 'Aye,' said the tinker, 'they've gone where they ought to go, to Road-Aisy. Isn't it what they've been lookin' for all their lives?'

Not at all *à propos*, I remember a mule which was also bought for the transport. He was struck dumb on hearing of its sale: it belonged to a neighbour. He described the age of the mule thus: 'Farrell Fox of the Green Hills died the other day, a very old man; and when Farrell Fox's father was a child he knew that mule, and he used to say that no man then knew how old the mule really was.'

Another time when he had prosecuted a notorious *vaurien* for annoying some of his workpeople who occupied an adjoining cottage and had described the gentleman's language when he was in a state of intoxication as being 'laborious,' the *vaurien*, being bound over in a certain sum to keep the peace, turned cheerfully to him to pay it.

While he lived there were many delightful tales that might be told of his humour and the humorous happenings which befell him: but now that he is dead his death seems to forbid it. It has left one without heart to smile. I remember him coming in once from an encounter with a philosophic tramp, to whom he had offered a meal of bread and meat and a shilling if he would take a fork and broom and clean out a stable.

'Now look here, mister,' said the tramp, 'd'ye see that town over there in the smoke? Well that town has a population of nearly half a million. It has so many streets, with an average of so many houses to each street, every street worth at least tuppence

to me. Now I ask you, wouldn't I be a fool to spend my day working for your bit of bread and meat and your shilling ?'

'I had to acknowledge that from his point of view he would,' he said, smiling delightedly over the reminiscence. 'I was so taken with the philosophy of the fellow that I gave him the bread and meat after all. But sure he wasn't hungry, for he left it on top of the dog-kennel, when my back was turned.'

His interest in men and things was extraordinary. I have never known anyone so interested, so eager to hear what others had to tell. For all that what he had to tell himself was so well worth the hearing he could be silent or almost silent for hours, only putting in now and again the word that stimulated the talkers. It made him a wonderful host at those Sunday symposia, where he sat in the midst of a group of men, mostly young enough to be his sons—he had a great fascination for young men and they for him—looking from one to the other, his face lit up, his applause ready and eager, his eyes shining just a little more when one of his own blood or connexion was getting the best of it in an argument. He would hear the young men read their stories or their poems hour after hour, and would be amazed to find how the hours had passed. His was an interest which was inexhaustible.

He had no shibboleths at all. He was a Nationalist in the broad sense, but he was never a conventional one. Like John O'Leary, the other great old man of these gatherings, he had no patience with what John O'Leary used to call 'sunburstery,' that is to say, a flamboyant and insincere patriotism, the 'First Flower of the Earth—First Gem of the Say' kind of thing which O'Connell made a bad fashion in Ireland. In simplicity, in straightforwardness, in sanity, as in a strange, beautiful innocence of nature, those two were very much alike. 'Everyone knows O'Leary is an Englishman,' said one of his friends, when the old patriot had expressed an admiration of certain of the English qualities; and I remember the fine old smile and the shake of the fine old head.

He was perhaps too great a theorist ever to have made a really practical farmer. If he had worlds enough and time, to paraphrase Marvell, he might have received back from his land the gold he poured so lavishly into it. As it was, the gold lies there for his successors to dig out. He was not of the middle classes, not at all of the middle classes, to achieve a great practical success. By right he was a farmer because he was a part of the mountains and the country, and the land represented to him the poetry of life.

By right he was not a farmer, because he had fine imagination and great ideas, and the farmers round about him were dullards, content with their old grooves. But a few thousand men like him might well be the salvation of Ireland or any country. What other farmer could have sympathised with the idle dreams of the poet and the idealist? What farmer of them all would have laid down his gold to help on an unprofitable verse-writing daughter to the summit of her ambitions? To the beautiful room of pictures and books and china he gave her, the like of which was surely never under any farmhouse roof between the four seas of Ireland, he used to come tired after fair and market, and if she was not there would sit down with her St. Bernard dog—another gift of his to her, for he gratified all her desires—to await her return. These two lovers of hers were happier to be in her atmosphere even though she was absent than to be anywhere else in the world. He chose his own grave within sound of the passing feet in the village street, by his fields, under the mountains that are always golden or silver. ‘I’d like to lie,’ he said, ‘where the poor could drop in any moment and say, “God rest you, Andy!”’ And his men carried him to the grave on their shoulders, down the long winding road to the mountains, the labouring men and women and the poor pressing behind and talking of him with a subdued cheerfulness, because death in his case was as natural as the death of the year and the changes of the woods and the fields.

I have tried to keep some salient bits of him, but it should have been done by someone to whom he was less dear. He was all strength and all sweetness. And so much was he of the fields that for one at least he walks not only his own fields still, but all fields. She can never see a grass-blade spring without thinking of him coming towards her, not old and sorrowful, but strong and splendid in his prime. By which he makes to her of all fields holy places.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE BOOK ON THE TABLE.

'SOMEHOW GOOD.'

If it were necessary to account for Mr. De Morgan's popularity, I should be inclined from among other obvious causes to select one in particular: that he writes for those who, to quote Mr. Henry James, 'like to read with the senses as well as with the reason.' Mr. De Morgan's work is cheerfully concrete, showing indeed an impartial delight in the material world seldom found unimpaired in the years that bring introspection. His characters also make their first appeal to eye and ear, following the practice of life. It would be convenient, a saving of barren friendships and of much talk at cross purposes, if our fellow-creatures would introduce themselves psychologically scheduled as possessing such and such distinctive habits, tastes, and hereditary tempers. Something of the kind—when science has taken polite society in hand—we may one day see accomplished. Meanwhile, we must embark on new acquaintances with no more preliminary light than may be derived from the outer man, from gestures and tones of voice more or less constrained, and fragments of talk more or less insincere. Long afterwards only do we learn the intricate mechanism controlling solid structures grown familiar, though capable of altering strangely to an altered point of view. Mr. De Morgan's people take gradual shape in much the same way. They are not only alive but—more rare in books—have a distinct faculty of growing. It would not be easy to say exactly how it is Mr. De Morgan builds up his men and women until they live and move and speak almost with audible sound. He is a master of detail, but his method is not in the main descriptive, still less analytic, but rather one of suggestion. Here and there we may complain that the process is long drawn out, needlessly minute, but the final result is successful beyond all cavilling.

It is also true that Mr. De Morgan can achieve his end by more direct and economical means when he chooses, as we see in one of the minor characters of 'Somehow Good,' Jack Roper, the 'real major.' Twice for a short space of time we are shown the purple-

faced asthmatic old Anglo-Indian 'talking himself hoarse about society' in the Hurkura club; starting the hounds of gossip on the tracks of 'that very charmin' woman,' Mrs. Rosamond Nightingale; in idle vanity likely to work more mischief than the combined malice of the widow Vereker and Mrs. Professor Sales Wilson, though in aim he is innocence itself: 'Don't you go puttin' it about that I told you anythin'! You know I make it a rule—a guidin' rule—*never to say anything*! You follow that rule through life, my boy! Take the word of an old fellow that's seen a deal of service, and just you *hold your tongue*!' An arrant old gossip, a club bore, *bête comme un vieux militaire*. But that his garrulity hits the main business in hand, he claims our interest hardly at all. The author puts him on the stage again, and our sum of knowledge is barely increased; a little more hard swearing, a few more blundering indiscretions, gallant but clumsy attempts at retrieval for the sake of somebody's daughter to whom the first page of her own history must at all costs remain dark; a glimpse of year-long cronyship with the much older major, Sally's Colonel Lund ('I knoo our friend Lund forty-six years ago in Delhi. Forty—six—years, and all that time, if you'll believe me, the same obstinate moole'); of the foolhardiness with which habits of friendship will inspire old age—what, after all, has the author done? Very little it seems, but at the end of the few pages Jack Roper becomes one most intimately known, and his sudden, pitiful, obscure exit from life, stealing an involuntary march on that of the 'other Major,' the least forgettable thing in the book.

These central chapters with their simple concentrated narrative, force of vision, and fine restraint are an interesting commentary on certain criticisms with which some of us have tempered our welcome of Mr. De Morgan. For agreed as we are that Mr. De Morgan's success is deserved, we are yet more agreed that his deserved success has had very little to do with art. Mr. De Morgan is like a stranger who has safely traversed a difficult and hostile country provided with neither guide nor safe-conduct. He has been congratulated on his feat, but official dignity has hastened to point out that, strictly speaking, he ought to have perished by the way. This, by all the rules, should have been the fate of one possessing neither form, nor reticence, nor care for art. In the interests of discipline, reflections in this strain, mildly reproachful, we have felt compelled to make, though perhaps we do not quite mean all the severe things we say. For if Mr. De Morgan's humour is unrestrained—and none

the worse for that—we see quite well that in his pathos there is an admirable reticence. And we must admit that if there is no care for art, say in the scenes grouped round the death of Colonel Lund—then art has taken care of an ungrateful child. ‘Joseph Vance’ and ‘Alice-for-Short’ undoubtedly were overloaded, and might have cast some of their cargo with advantage, but only pedantry will find the same fault with ‘Somehow Good.’ The movement, indeed, is leisurely (since when has art been in so great a hurry ?) and digressions—not without method—certainly there are, but if Mr. De Morgan sins here, he sins in high company.

There remains Mr. De Morgan’s style, which, to tell the truth, has shocked us not a little. If to express your thought in the form of common speech is to be heretic against art, then Mr. De Morgan is hopelessly heretical. With much modesty he confesses that an ‘intermittent’ style is his only means of imparting information, but it is admissible to believe that had others more orthodox been open to him he had still selected this one. Mr. De Morgan claims to write as a close observer of the actual, and in particular of the actual as regards human intercourse. ‘Very rarely indeed does a human creature say what it means. . . . The congenial soil in which the fruit of intelligence ripens is suggestion.’ Deliberately, one must think, Mr. De Morgan has chosen the ‘disjointed lines of talk’ in real life to be the medium of his expression. He seeks of set purpose the colloquial phrase, as another strives for the remote epithet. ‘Try to mean what you want to say and leave the dictionary to take care of itself’ is a maxim dropped by the author, but though in a sense he leaves the dictionary to take care of itself, his is the writing of one more than commonly interested in words and their use and misuse. Much of the author’s humour—like Lewis Carroll’s—has this intellectual interest at the base. We see it in Mr. Pritchard the builder, who inadvertently re-christened Mrs. Nightingale’s villa, and defended his error on the ground that ‘the names were morally the same, and it was absurd to allow a variation in the letters to impose on our imagination. The two names had been applied to very different turns out abroad certainly ; but then they did all sorts of things abroad. If Saratoga, why not Krakatoa ? . . . Mere differences of words ought not to tell upon a healthy mind.’ We see it in the German baron catching up a lady’s sentiment : ‘How sweet the singing sounds under the starlight’ by the correction : ‘It would sound the same in the tay dime, the fibrations are the same’ ; in Professor Sales Wilson who

dissects the conversational ambiguities of his family with a malicious enjoyment second only to that with which he proves pretentious sciolists to be 'mere' beyond a doubt; in Mrs. Vereker, whose precise violations of sense almost impose upon the imagination: 'My dear, you *said* nothing, but if your father could have heard what you did *not* say you know very well what he would have thought'; in the singular boy who has no way of communicating with his species but through defiances and refutations, and in the running commentary throughout the narrative on confusions of thought and speech. To the same cause it is doubtless due that the book contains many more characters than visibly appear. Thus, the author has a way—slightly disconcerting, as when your horse changes his leg as he canters—of giving place to some unknown speaker of whose dialect he has momentary need. The introduction of the carpet-stretcher's jeremiad has perhaps no defensible cause of existence, other than the author's love of technical jargon in an illiterate mouth, but who would wish the delightful soliloquy away?

In the same free and confidential manner as of one who talks rather than writes, Mr. De Morgan with equal felicity will put before you an evening party or a fight in a London slum; midsummer weather or the foreboding that is in a rough night closing over the sea; an old man's dying or the flirtations of Sally and 'Prosy' Vereker. But the means of transmission, if it is to be admitted as style at all, is certainly an undress style. It is not a style for Sundays nor for the library. The tool is excellently fitted to its purpose and to the workman's hand, but it was never forged in any workshop of art. This has been our conclusion, and it is perhaps for this reason that books essentially masculine in character have been praised in terms more usually reserved for the encouragement of the untutored sex. Of the majority of novels published, it would be hard to tell off-hand whether they are written by men or by women. With Mr. De Morgan's books the question could never arise. It does not need the name on the title-page nor the traditional ring in such a sentence as this: 'Sally was no lawyer. We do not love her the less for our part,' to tell us the author's sex. For good or ill we have here indisputably such books as women never yet have written, and in all probability never will write. It is singular, therefore, and slightly entertaining to note how some of us have elected to express our commendation exclusively in terms suggesting attributes mildly feminine and passive—'charm,'

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'knack,' 'sense of character,' 'nice observation,' and the like. It is true that prominent aspects of Mr. De Morgan's work deserve words of quite another import, but that cannot be helped. Those others are big words, sacred to works of art and the artificers, and Mr. De Morgan has only himself to blame—did not the road of observance lie open before him?—if he has had to be content with lesser adjectives, denoting lesser gifts, blind nature's 'casual dew.'

In Boston, says Mr. Wells—and his Boston has no geographical limits—only the authors of works 'toned and seasoned' may be lectured upon without indecorum. Mr. De Morgan, it is to be feared, may never be included in company so select. This is regrettable; but after all perhaps it does not very much signify. There are books which are better to talk about than to read. Mr. De Morgan's, it may be, are better to read than to talk about. Read at all events they are, and doubtless for various good reasons will continue to be. Though possibly, human nature being what it is, if some high-nosed Bostonian, snuffing the air for a taint of Philistinism, come upon us while we read, we shall thrust 'Joseph Vance' or 'Alice-for-Short' or 'Somehow Good' into the background, and draw forward works mellowed by age or imitation and discuss, with such decorum as we can muster, the immortals, or some modern maker of a smooth and elaborate mosaic easily recognised as style.

ELEANOR CECIL.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF THE MINX.

A STUDY FROM THE LIFE OF THE MANY.

HE wondered if it would ever end, this hot and weary afternoon; if these five rows of whispering schoolboys would ever exhaust the tricks they played unceasingly—tricks that seemed to increase in power of annoyance as the boys grew more irritable with the day, with the school, with the lesson.

So, from that class-room, whose very atmosphere was charged with ennui and disgust, no one more ardently longed for escape than did Robert Engle, the young assistant-teacher. Pale of cheek and narrow-chested, his deficient vitality told against him at every step of the lesson, and rendered fruitless his patient endeavours to gain the attention of his pupils. He might, indeed, as well have tried to crib and confine the small clouds floating on high that could be seen from the window.

This hour was one supposed to be devoted to the teaching of English literature. From a book of poetical selections Shelley's 'Ode to the Skylark' was being read. One by one the boys stood up and gabbled, in a monotone, verses to which the teacher listened with as much enjoyment as might be expected, seeing that he had for these same verses an admiration so passionate as to be at times a poignant anguish.

With all the energy left him he endeavoured to make the schoolboys feel that here a poet had poured forth his soul for their delight, but even the few pairs of eyes that were fixed on him remained dull and uncomprehending. At length a despairing resignation settled upon him. He made no more attempts to explain or praise, and he spoke only to call boys to order.

'Smith, you sit up and attend, sir!'

'Ford, you come out and put on my desk all the sweets you have in your pocket!'

Ford obeyed. As he returned to his seat he found an opportunity to amuse his friends with a series of grimaces made behind his teacher's back. Having thus thrown half the class into silent

convulsions of merriment he felt that he had not lost his sweets in vain.

Robert Engle knew full well that as a disciplinarian he was painfully lacking in strength. This fact, many times impressed upon him by his headmaster, completed the sum of the misery he suffered in school.

He would have been a more useful member of society had he not suffered from too acute an artistic perception, a love of poetry over-keen for an elementary school-teacher, an imagination that broke bounds and was apt to wander and stray as he tried to do his daily work. In his day-dreams unheard melodies and haunting visions beset his mind; lines of poetry that he had read echoed and re-echoed through his brain, and as he awoke from these alluring phantasms the sordid rigidity of his life hemmed him round like a prison.

The sound of a cane with which the master in an adjoining room unceasingly belaboured the shoulders of his pupils, the unhealthy atmosphere, the rough, dirty clothes and hobnailed boots of the boys, their unintelligent bovine faces, the contemptuous grins with which they greeted his attempts to awake in them some sense of honour and beauty—all these were a nightmare under which he laboured daily.

Now, with an eagerness which none of his pupils could equal, he glanced through the glass doors of his class-room, watching the clock in the corridor outside.

The last five minutes, leaden-footed as they were, came to an end, and then the shrill sound of the headmaster's whistle gave permission for lessons to be closed. Prayers were read with singularly little of devoutness; out scuffled the boys, single-hearted in their eagerness to escape; a boy who had been kept in began to scribble his lines defiantly, and the teacher turned to his desk, where a pile of exercise-books was ready for correction.

To-night the task was beyond him. Some half-dozen, indeed, were marked, but then the after-school atmosphere oppressed him beyond all bearing. With unpardonable weakness he released the boy who had been kept back, and bundled the unmarked books into a cupboard, heedless of a decree which said that all exercises should be corrected the day they were written.

'I will be here early in the morning to mark them, in case the inspector comes to-morrow,' Robert Engle assured himself, knowing

meantime from past experience that there was little likelihood of any such effort on his part.

He took his hat and passed hurriedly through the central hall, avoiding a group of his fellow-teachers who were standing there eagerly discussing some obscure point in the latest Code issued by the Board of Education. So elastic was Engle's nature that as he passed across the asphalted playground, out of the iron gates, and along a depressing street of smoky dwarf houses, his spirit soared again. Forgetful of school, he luxuriated in happy thoughts of a meeting which was to take place anon.

For he would see her in three and a-half brief hours, the woman who in her person retained the grace and the mystery of the elect few who had charmed his mind since the magic of the printed page first held him captive.

To him she had the wild elfish sweetness of the Belle Dame sans Merci, the pathetic innocence of Elaine, and the majestic beauty of Guinevere. She had the haunting eyes of the Damozel. And was not her hair the colour of ripe corn?

That she was a dressmaker's assistant and a friend of his strident-voiced landlady were incongruous details which he was happily able to wave aside.

Hitherto Engle had been single-souled in his worship of the deal, and the few women who had attracted him he had been content to admire at a distance with a fugitive and qualified admiration. This had lasted until he had returned one evening from a science class to find a girl named Etty Clark sitting with his landlady.

Just then his mind, weary and depressed, craved something more tangible than the dreams upon which it had been nourished. In the lamplight Etty Clark, smiling and fresh, seemed to him the embodiment of his most ecstatic vision.

His appearance seemed to put an end to the conversation. Miss Clark said conventionally to her friend the landlady that she thought she must be going, giving at the same time a quick glance in the direction of the young school-teacher.

Being untutored and obtuse in such matters, Robert would have let slip this golden opportunity had not the landlady struck in with a meaning smile:

'Perhaps Mr. Engle would not mind seeing you to the corner, my dear?'

With a blush he hurriedly declared his readiness to see the visitor home.

Of the walk that followed he had afterwards no clear recollection. It appeared to his mind through a haze, wine-coloured and honey-scented. All that he could remember definitely was that, somehow, he had promised to meet her in two days. From whom the suggestion had first come he could not quite recall, only that the desire had seemed wonderfully mutual.

That afternoon upon the wished-for day he sat musing over his empty cup and plate until his landlady came to clear away. He was happily unconscious of the contemptuous glance that she flung at him; but her noisy rattling of the tea-things awoke him from his Elysian dreams. With a half-sigh, half-smile, he sat down to occupy a weary hour with a text-book of physiography.

His divinity did not leave her workroom before eight o'clock. She had promised to meet him at half-past that hour, the brief interval being devoted to purposes of personal adornment. Truth to say, the girl was not particularly gratified by this her latest conquest. To her mind Robert Engle had 'no go' in him; indeed, if she had not at that time been lacking an avowed admirer she would hardly have cared further to pursue the chase.

As malicious fate would have it, the day after she had promised to meet Engle a grocer's assistant, whose moustache was as abundant and black as that of any villain of melodrama, showed an unmistakable desire to become further acquainted with her. This was flattering, but a trifle inconvenient.

'Just my luck!' she said to the apprentices in her workroom, who listened with unfeigned interest to highly coloured and romantic versions of her love affairs. She proceeded to relate that she had got well on with a gentleman madly in love with her—she could tell them he was quite the gentleman; then there had come this other fellow, saying he had been waiting, goodness knew how long, for an introduction. She had seen him smile at her day after day, but she had always held her head high, as they might guess. That had only made him think the more of her; and here he was, ready to take her to a play, Earl's Court, anywhere she would like to go to; but she had fixed it up with this other one. It was a bit awkward, as they must see.

A senior apprentice said shrewdly, as Etty stopped to bite off a thread of cotton, that the thing was—would this other one be any good?

For a few moments Etty Clark looked dubious. With a toss of her head she regained confidence.

Yes, he meant business, she declared. 'At any rate, if he doesn't I'll soon find it out. After all, there's nothing like a gentleman. I have always been a bit particular—too particular, perhaps. I've never been one to mix myself up with a common lot.'

At half-past eight that evening Robert Engle was at the meeting-place with a feverish punctuality. He had not long to wait before Etty Clark came in sight. With various cheap adornments she had done her best to destroy any natural charm she might have had. A subtle sense of this entered Robert Engle's mind as, with a look of non-committal, he eyed the string of imitation pearls around her neck, the feather boa flaunting on her shoulders, the elaborately trimmed hat perched rakishly on the side of her head.

They exchanged greetings.

Then Engle asked where should they go for a walk, and she replied that it was all the same to her.

One who was used to the ways of Etty Clark might have discovered a slight note of aggression in her voice. In spite of her assurance to the other girls, she was beginning to regret that she had wasted so much time upon this young schoolmaster, who might, after all, be unprofitable. As if to arouse her discontent, she had on her way to this meeting passed the grocer's assistant, resplendent and debonair, and by contrast Engle appeared dull and stupid. His manner of quiet deference, which at first had been somewhat pleasing, quickly palled on her, and did not promise much excitement. 'I know of a pretty walk,' he said; and he thought of a country lane, some two miles away, which possessed rural charms hardly to be expected within ten miles of the great city. He anticipated innocent joys hitherto undreamed of, and believed that the coming hour would redeem many a weary day in the past. Unfortunately his companion lacked the nature and the mood for a country ramble. She paced demurely by his side, somewhat piqued when they came to unfrequented parts and she found that Robert Engle did not offer his arm.

He paid her none of the compliments that her soul craved; his conversation was purely impersonal, and he betrayed no sign of the passion that consumed him. Etty dangled provocatively a plump hand squeezed into a tight kid-glove, but Engle did not take it in his, as she expected. He walked at her side, his face

pale and restrained, only an unusual glint of his eyes betraying emotion.

Etty chattered volubly, in a manner that she considered wholly charming, upon various topics that appealed to her. She laughed shrilly at her own jokes, while her companion listened with a vague bewilderment. He was provokingly dense, seeming not to regard her various hints that one love-scene in the piece now being acted at the nearest suburban playhouse was suggestive of their own situation. He expressed no regret when she told him that she had not been to Earl's Court that summer, nor did he seem interested when she told him that her birthday was next week.

Finding that these shots had missed their mark, Etty began to show annoyance. She bit her lip and gave sulky monosyllabic answers to the few remarks Engle made from time to time. He was supremely happy, and had forgotten the imitation pearls, the smart hat, and the tight gloves. The tender radiance of a summer evening was all around ; on one side a green smiling valley, on the other broad pastures ; while in the breeze and rustle of the trees he heard the pipes of Pan.

To the girl the scene was unutterably dull, and her companion likewise. She could hardly listen with patience when in low tones he spoke of the beauty of earth and sky.

The mischance of Robert's life was that he possessed the soul of a poet, while his lips remained sealed. Every poetic instinct was there, but it seemed as if expression had been denied him. Often the metre of a dumb verse would flash through his mind, and here and there a word or a phrase of exceeding beauty break forth. His mind contained fragments of dream-like stories, delicate and rare ; but, strangely enough, the unfinished manuscripts hidden away at his lodgings were harsh and crude. To his bitterness he was beginning to realise that it was not his lot to be maker of song or story.

However, that mattered little at this moment, when at his side was the tangible embodiment of his fairest dreams. Thus they sauntered on, the girl growing more and more irritable. Suddenly she stopped short and turned on her heel.

'Look here !'

The vixenish quality of her voice jarred upon her companion as he awoke from his ecstasy.

'I've had enough of this !'

'Of this ? Of what ?' he stammered, puzzled and alarmed.

'Why, of mooning along here like a pair of ninnies. I'm tired to death. I didn't come out to tramp the country at this time of night.'

The merest shadow of a silver crescent moon hung in a pale purple sky.

Something in the amazed look with which Engle regarded her increased Etty's annoyance. She grew more voluble and shrill, her petulance increasing as she went on.

He heard like a rattle of small arms that she was not accustomed to this sort of thing; that she was faint and tired, as might be expected after such a walk; that this was not the way she should be treated; she knew manners if somebody else didn't, and no gentleman would have treated her so.

That the volley was received with amazement enraged her still further, and she became more explicit. It was her opinion that, unless there were a definite engagement, it was far better to go to a place of amusement. She wasn't accustomed to be dragged about country lanes, and she didn't think it the right thing, without a clear promise.

Robert Engle listened like one half-stunned.

'I am sorry,' he said; 'I beg your pardon. I did not think you would object.'

Something in his strained tones helped her to regain some thin rag of self-control, and she walked along in silence, half sullen, half remorseful. Soon they reached the lighted suburban streets, where the school-teacher wished his companion 'Good-night.' Shamefacedly she murmured something about having said more than she meant, and that she for one was ready to make it up. She might have spared herself this effort, for Robert Engle had relinquished any claim he might have had upon her society, and, so far as he was concerned, the grocer's assistant had no rival.

He left her and walked to his lodgings, his heart full of bitterness. He felt his soul defiled by the vulgarity and greed of one whom he had set upon the high altar of his soul. All life seemed base and sordid that night.

He reflected, with bitterness, that while he remained in his present position most of the women he was fated to meet would prove to be of this type, odious and predatory. How, indeed, could they be otherwise? They, like himself, had to fight for what they wanted. With a sort of terror he thought of the occupa-

tion he so unwillingly followed, and realised that it held him captive as a maimed rabbit in a steel trap. Despondency filled his eyes.

But the horror passed, as horrors will, and the slender episode in no way changed the hue of Robert Engle's life. He bore his disillusionment philosophically, regarding his own emotions with a cynicism by no means unpleasing to himself. For was it not something of an adventure to have fallen in love at all?

He bore without flinching the news brought to him by his tidings-loving landlady, that Etty Clark was engaged to be married to Mr. Henry Judson, the grocer's assistant aforesaid.

The betrothed pair called one evening upon that lady, and in this way Engle spoke for the first time to the bridegroom-elect, who was hilarious to a well-nigh unbearable degree. Etty was unusually quiet. Once or twice the discarded Robert found her eyes fixed upon him with a meaning that he failed to understand.

When the pair had gone, the landlady told him that the marriage was to take place in a surprisingly short time.

'Henry Judson is to be made manager of a new branch just being opened,' she explained. 'That's why they've got to hurry up. If he didn't marry he'd have to engage a housekeeper, for he's going to live over the shop. I hope it won't be a case of "Marry in haste and repent at leisure"; that's what I say to Etty. There's no denying he's handsome and rising-like, as one might say; but there, one never knows.'

She shook her head oracularly, and went away, leaving the young school-teacher regarding the vision of his shattered ideal.

Months passed; the couple were married. Engle continued to teach the same class in the same room of the same school. He read poetry with more assiduity than ever; the wheels of life jogged on, in fact, in their accustomed ruts. Without effort on his part the remembrance of Etty with her cheap fascinations and her unlovely cravings passed from his mind.

He moved to fresh lodgings, and thus it was that he had no news about her until a day when an announcement in a local paper told him that 'Etty, the beloved wife of Henry Judson,' had died in her twenty-fifth year. An infant, prematurely born, had died also.

It scarcely moved him. He had a passing regret that one who had grasped at life with such avidity should have been swept out of reach of all that she craved; but that was all.

One Sunday afternoon he was walking past the gate of the nearest cemetery when he met, face to face, Henry Judson, the widower, clad in respectable black, returning, apparently, from the grave of his wife.

The two men recognised each other and stopped mechanically. 'Mr. Engle!' said Judson, raising his hat in a slightly theatrical manner. 'I am glad to meet you once again, sir.' Robert, awkward and embarrassed, murmured some commonplace phrases of condolence.

'I am glad to meet you,' repeated the widower—and he jerked his head backward in the direction of the cemetery—'for her sake as well as my own. It was a great loss, Mr. Engle—a great loss.' His weak face became convulsed with grief, and he blew his nose violently.

'I am sure of that,' said Robert Engle nervously. 'It seems awfully hard lines.' He cast about in his mind for some more consoling words, and then he added:

—especially as you were so devoted to each other.'

The widower stared fixedly at Robert Engle.

'Ah!' he said at length; 'that's the worst of it. I cared for her, but she didn't care for me. I ought never to have married her. Mr. Engle, sir, I feel I can speak to you freely. I feel you will understand me, as you knew her and appreciated her, and were such a great friend of hers.'

'Well, hardly a great friend. In fact, I don't think I met her half a dozen times.'

The widower shook his head disconsolately.

'I know all about it. She never hid anything from me, did my poor Etty. I tried my best to be a good husband to her; but she never really loved me. I thought that when the baby came it would make everything different; but you see this happened, and I've lost them both. Yes, you were the only one she loved.'

'I the only one? Oh, no! This is some mistake. You don't mean that, I am sure.'

'I do mean it,' declared the widower bitterly. 'She loved you as she never loved me: her heart was yours to the last.'

'I can assure you . . .' But Judson waved aside the stammering protest.

'I don't blame her, and I don't blame you. She was not like other women'—here a strange little note of pride crept into his voice—'it was your intellect, I suppose, and your manners.

She used to say that you were such a refined man, and so well educated. She set great store on education, and I never had much of it. She often said she wished she had married you.'

His voice had a pathetic quiver; he was a child grieving over a broken toy.

'I must tell you,' said Engle, desperately, 'that it is impossible! Why, I have never seen her since her marriage.'

'I know that well enough. She didn't forget I was her lawful husband; don't you make any mistake about that, Mr. Engle. If you had seen her it wouldn't have made any difference. She was as straight as a die, sir; but she told me that she walked out with you before she was engaged to me.'

'Once!' said Robert Engle, his face as pale as death. Then he stood still. 'It is quite unnecessary to discuss this now,' he added. 'It could do no good, even if what you suppose were true. I hope it is not true. Good afternoon.'

He turned and walked away, almost overcome by a surprising surge of feeling that made him feel dazed and sick at heart. His thoughts flew far and wide like leaves before an autumn wind. He wondered if it were possible that the dead woman had really cared most for him, in spite of her manner. When he was alone in his room he wept for her.

He had misjudged her, he told himself; he had wrongly attributed to her base and sordid motives; he had, in his folly and ignorance, thrown away a pure and unselfish love, such as life might not hold for him again. The thought was intolerable, but it remained with him, gradually losing its poignancy as time went on.

Out of the memory of the commonplace and narrow he step by step created an ideal image, which became more and more real, obscuring all her faults, annihilating all her sordidness, and winning his worship. He did not realise that this divine creation was no more like Etty Clark, as she had existed in the flesh, than the glow-worm by night is like the glow-worm by day.

So a year passed, and one evening, as he was returning from school, Engle again met Judson, no longer the disconsolate widower, but jaunty and smiling. Seeing Engle, who had hoped to pass by unnoticed, he stopped and greeted him with unlooked-for enthusiasm.

'How do you do, sir? How do you do, Mr. Engle? . . . Glad to see you once again.'

Robert took the proffered hand, feeling meantime something that was not unlike a cold pang of jealousy. For this man had been the husband of the divinity he now worshipped; this man alone had the right to remain faithful to her memory.

'I hope you are well,' said Robert Engle mechanically, trying to shut out one hateful picture his mind would conjure up.

'Capital! A1. Doing well in business; first-class. Hope you're the same.'

'I? Oh yes, thank you.'

'Right you are! I say, Mr. Engle . . . 'here Judson lowered his voice to a confidential whisper—'I've a bit of news. Guess what it is.'

'Guess! Really, I can't. What is it?'

The young grocer laughed in a knowing manner, and put his hand familiarly on Engle's shoulder.

'I am going to enter a second time the holy estate of matrimony. Wish me luck.'

Engle gazed at him, astonished, almost revolted.

'A second time! Well, I hope you'll be happy.'

Even while speaking he realised that his words were more true than he had intended. Now he could be, indeed, the sole cherisher of one radiant memory.

Judson enlarged upon the merits of the woman he was now proposing to marry, not the least of these being the fact that she was the owner of a 'tidy little income, sir, which'll start us in a business.'

The school-teacher went home more firm than ever in fidelity to the vanished woman, or at least to his conception of her; irradiated within by a sort of joy that he at last was her exclusive possessor, sweet phantom only though she was. She whom he now worshipped was an ecstatic vision, an embodiment of grace—happy, beautiful, pure, and spiritual beyond earthly women, and she was now *his*.

As at that sad time when he had been the prey of a needless and cruel disillusionment, he leaned from his bedroom window gazing out into the night—far into the night.

From the darkness came an answering murmur, one that grew and swelled. He heard the carol of a bird hidden in the shades—a carol that became a pæan of rapture and transcendent sweetness.

He listened, enthralled, till his soul leapt up and swam out to greet the heavenly singer ; care dropped from him like a garment, and he entered into the kingdom that was his by right.

His soul brightened, even beamed, under the influence of a joy that is given to few. The happiness he found in this dream of one who was his own creation was embodied in the far-off song he heard. For it was no bird of earth that sang to him that night, as surely it had sung to others in years now dead. Was not this the nightingale that Keats had heard, the skylark of Shelley—also dream-begotten like his idol—the bird that would sing to others when this poor poet's heart was clay ?

F. E. DUGDALE.

ON A PLATTER AT MONTREUIL.

BY J. H. YOXALL, M.P.

I WAS no sooner come within the walls of the little old bourg on the hill than Hobbinol, an assiduous familiar elf whom every collector knows, must carry me aside to a window, show me an aged soup-plate, and whisper 'Remarkable old bit of printed blue, don't you think?'

'So it is, temptatious imp,' I admitted.

'Daresay they'd jump at a franc for it?' said he, leering.

'Worth more than that,' said I, 'if only to find out how it got here.' For Montreuil is a bit of old France, and the platter seemed a bit of old Staffordshire. Upon the upper disc of it, where in the starving days of Revolution and Empire *soupe maigre* had swum its greasy and fishlike 'eyes,' two fine old English gentlemen were depicted, in line and stipple and aquatint; warm and well-fed and jolly fellows, fishing down an English brook, within English park-palings and beneath an English sky of cloud and gleam. Top-hatted and curly-brimmed, shooting-coated, roll-collared, game-pocketed, high-leggined and muttonchop-whiskered tall Englishmen of their hands they were, 'all of the olden time'; there on the platter they stood and fished, superbly ignoring Montreuil. And 'No such noble sportsmen as those were ever seen angling here alive, I'll swear!' said I. 'This is a piece of pure Staffordshire. Eh, Hobbinol?'

Yet when I had paid the franc and gone off to mine inn—the hostel, by the bye, where Laurence Sterne saw 'the sons and daughters of poverty' surround him—and had washed the platter and made out the mark on the back of it, I could tell that my piece of old blue had been moulded and potted and decorated in old France; not at Burslem or Hanley, after all, but at Choisy-le-roi.

Which thing is a parable, and a piece of the true stuff of history as well. For note that Choisy-le-roi is a patriotic little town—the author of the 'Marseillaise' died and is statued there—and Choisy-le-roi lies inland, and is almost metropolitan, being hardly six miles distant from Paris itself. But what of that? In days

of Bourbon decline and Buonaparte crescence the Pottery District of Staffordshire thought little of Paris; the Pottery District of Staffordshire sent table-ware all over France. And nothing could keep it out. The English platters were so novel and irresistible, so smooth and cleanly, so finished and workmanlike and *pratique*—and *pratique* is the superlative word of admiration over yonder; they matched so evenly and fitted into each other so handily that a *garçon* might safely carry two tall heaps of them to table all at once, a pile under each arm. What *hôtelier* or housewife could resist the purchase of ware so convenient, wars so bitter and Imperial Edicts against England so fierce all the same?

So that even in patriotic Choisy-le-roi, next door to Paris, if native potters were not to have to howl 'We've got no work to do-o-o,' instead of the 'Marseillaise,' they must copy and imitate the Staffordshire ware exactly, and not in shape and substance alone, but in look and decoration also; in fact they must facsimile it, they must print on their French-made plates and dishes the very lineaments and habiliments of the big and burly, braggart and perfidious, haughty and hated Jean Boule; only a last and saving touch of patriotism kept them from forging the Staffordshire marks as well. So here is a curious piece of minor history, sought out to explain how this brace of fine old sportsmen came to be stolidly and perpetually fishing English water at Montreuil.

Minor history, did I say? I was wrong; it is history major. Your historian-in-ordinary is the great fictionist, before whose conceptions and inventions the common novelist must vail his crest. The man who will tell the story of a race, a nation, or a period according to the clothing, dwellings, utensils, and everyday art of it will be, I vow, the only true historian of them all, and vividly in his pages the age and people shall live again, though wars and dynasties and that elaborate comedy called politics be but the edges and binding of the book. So let us glorify our hobby, Hobbinol my friend. Is it not part of the true stuff of history? Don't we know that about the doings of eighteenth-century English potters rests a nimbus of chronicle as well as of romance? *We* can hear the jangle of packhorse bells, the stalwart roll of wagon-wheels, the crack of whip and creak of linchpin and leather, as tinkling loads of crockery go jogging out of Staffordshire over Cheshire heaths towards Liverpool, little Liverpool, a town of hardly thirty thousand then. And *we* can see the sleepy smooth glide of pottery-laden barges along the solitary green canal. The

crates go down to the ships in the river, or to the workshops of Sadler and Green. For John Sadler, copper-plate engraver, modestly working in line and stipple and aquatint in a cottage at the back of Lord Street, had hit upon a rich discovery; Senefelder's own was not more accidental. Pulling a proof, and throwing it down in dissatisfaction, he had turned sad eyes upon his children, for he knew himself to be a poor hand with the graving tool at his best. When an unsuccessful man regards his 'young barbarians all at play' so happily *insouciant*, tragedy looms about them in his view. How are his youngsters to be housed, how are they to be fed and clad, how are they to be safely launched on the pitiless stream of life? The mother sits sewing, her eyes heavy with a mute reproach. 'Not what I expected when I married you,' she seems to say; and dumbly—'du cœur plein la poitrine'—the father laments his own incompetence and failure. In such a moment as that John Sadler saw his youngsters press the still-wet ink of the rejected print upon a piece of white crock, and transfer the picture from the paper to the glaze, merely for fun and pastime. Eureka! That spark of the accidental was to light many muffle-kilns; for the engraver reflected, called in a printer, and devised a new industry; so that soon after the year 1755 the firm of Sadler and Green began to turn transfer-printing into anything but child's-play, and Staffordshire ware, adorned and cheapened and multiplied marvellously, was now to penetrate into Europe; as French-born potters came mournfully to know.

Portland vases and jasper medallions, Toby jugs and Whieldon camels, Walton figures and Leeds centre-pieces were but the luxuries or eccentrics and fantasies in English pottery—the stand-by was table-ware; table-ware it was that became the characteristic Staffordshire product, just as tea-things became the typical effort in English porcelain; table-ware it was that went to Montreuil and Choisy and all over France. Till Sadler and Green began to work together within easy reach of Burslem the cost of decorating table-ware by hand had made it dear and kept its output small. But now that at Liverpool a design or picture in monotint could be printed on a plate for twopence, or on a sirloin-dish for fivepence, why, in 1765 Josiah Wedgwood is seen rummaging the London printshops for designs to send to Liverpool, and jingling over the Cheshire heaths every week-end or so go the dobbins that draw the crates of Queen's-ware to the workshops of Sadler and Green.

Perhaps the first earthenware ever made which could remain

quite cleanly and pleasant to eat from was turned out at Burslem, by Josiah Wedgwood about the year 1762; it was he who civilized and aseptized the utensils which people who could not purchase porcelain might use at table. Till then any dinner-service not made of gold or silver or china had been open to sanitary reproach. Majolica chargers and delft platters would scratch, scarify, crack, chip, or peel in the glaze by use, leaving fissures and depressions which the scullions seldom completely cleansed; the salt-glazed dishes of white stone-ware had a pitted or orange-skin surface upon which spoons and forks would rattle and jar; even the smooth Whieldon plates would harbour dirt in the floriated reliefs, as did, still later, the feather-edged and openwork ware made at Leeds. Josiah Wedgwood, that typical man of commonsense and business, sought after table utensils of a simpler, plainer, and cleaner kind; there was money in that, he knew. So, taking the best clays procurable, he potted them into plates and dishes and tureens of simple, even, thin and uniform shapes, covered with a smooth and comely glaze, uninterrupted and lasting, of creamy or strawy or saffron tint, that a wet dish-clout could readily render clean in a minute. And he put the most perfect workmanship into the making and baking. It was his boast that 'twelve dozen can be piled up in one bung without falling over,' so neatly did the plates match and fit. 'Cream-ware' he called the new sort at first; until, sending a caudle-cup of it to Queen Charlotte for her lying-in, he got the title of Queen's Potter and an order for a dinner-service in return; whereupon 'Queen's-ware' the new sort was christened. In making his Queen's-ware Josiah Wedgwood made the fortune of the Potteries, for the new dishes and pans and tureens went abroad by the myriad, and travellers returning from the Grand Tour could attest their universal use. Wrote M. Faujas de St. Font in his 'Travels':

Their excellent workmanship, solidity, resistance to the action of fire, fine glaze unaffected by acids, beauty and convenience of form, and cheapness have given rise to a commerce so active and universal that in travelling from Paris to St. Petersburg, from Amsterdam to furthest Sweden, from Dunkirk to the extremity of the Midi, one is served at every inn upon English wares. Spain, Portugal, and Italy are supplied, and vessels laden with it sail for the East and West Indies and the continent of America.

It went to Holland and conquered there, even in the native land of delft.

And the fame of it penetrated even to the Kremlin; for in

1773 Catherine of Russia commanded the supply of a 'vast cream-ware service for every purpose of the table,' directing that on every piece of it—there were nine hundred and fifty-two pieces—a view of 'British scenery' should be enamelled. For 'British scenery' had now become a Continental rage. That every Englishman was a Milord rolling in carriages and wealth the Continent of Europe had long known, and of late the Continent of Europe had begun to learn from platters printed at Liverpool that Britain was a land of gentlemen's seats situate amidst arable scenery, where innumerable rich John Bulls, top-hatted and shooting-coated, fished or shot through arable landscapes, Palladian mansions in the distance; mansion and crockery and wealthy sportsmen being obviously the chiefest products of this happy land.

Said Wedgwood to his partner, when the Russian order came, 'All the gardens in England won't furnish subjects sufficient for this sett!' Said Bentley, 'We must send draughtsmen all over the country to take views—*real* views of *real* buildings!' Buildings were 'British scenery' then, you see. Though Wedgwood was quite 'perswaded' that 'not enough Gothique buildings' could be found, draughtsmen were dispatched with camera-obscuras to every corner of the island, and Bentley advertised for prints and drawings of 'the most embellished views, the most beautiful Landskips, with Gothique Ruins, Grecian Temples, and the most Elegant Buildings' that 'British scenery' could boast. The 'views' thus got together were copied 'in monochrome enamel of a delicate Black, which permits a shading and finish'; and within a year or so the service was ready for shipping to Russia with an invoice pricing it at 3,000*l*. But first it must be exhibited for a month to the fashionable world of London, at the Wedgwood showrooms in that fashionable part of London, Greek Street, Soho. Rank and fashion jostled there, inspecting what the catalogue described as 'A Complete set of Porcelaine or Queen's-ware'—of course it was not porcelain at all—'ornamented with Different Views'—there were twelve hundred and eighty of them, and no two alike—'of the Ruins, Country-houses, Parks, Gardens, and Picturesque Landskips of Great Britain.' Yet it was with anxiety that shrewd old Josiah threw open his showrooms on this occasion.

For (he wrote to his partner) 'Suppose a Gent^l thinks himself neglected, either by the omission of his Seat, when his neighbour's is taken, or by putting it upon a small piece, or not flattering it sufficiently. He then becomes our enemy—Gains some of the Artists to his party, and Damns it with the R^l. Ambass^r. and with

everyone he is able. This is a rock and a dangerous one too, and I cannot see indeed how we can avoid it, *shew* or not *shew*, for if a Gent^e asks if we have taken his Seat we must tell him, and if he further asks to see it, I do not know if we can deny him. . . . I am most afraid of our not having large Dishes and other large pieces enough to oblige our Friends who sho^d be put into capital situations.'

Mrs. Delany went to Greek Street, and wrote that the service for the Empress of Russia was the common Queen's-ware 'of pale brimstone colour, the drawings in purple, the borders a wreath of leaves, the middle of each piece a particular view of all the remarkable places in the King's dominions. I suppose it will come to a princely price.' Mrs. Delany must have been a little colour-blind—she mistook black for purple; and she never mentions the green frogs at all. The green frogs, say you? *What* green frogs? Which green frogs? I mean, my dear Mr. Bull, the very rarest and most Imperial of frogs—the green frog that was painted on this Imperial ware at the cost of twopence ha'penny per frog. For the special mark of the table service made to Messalina of Russia's order was, strange to say, that cold-blooded animal the frog: a frog 'rampant gardant' as heralds have it. Being both rampant and gardant the frog is up on his hind legs and full face at you, in fact a most ferocious kind of frog! But why a *frog* to mark the ware, say you? And not without trouble have I discovered the reason why. The 'vast creamware service for every purpose of the table' was commanded for use at the Palace of the Grenouillère, the Frogmore of St. Petersburg, at Tsarskoe-Selo. And unless the Baltic was quite iced over before the twenty-two large crates of green frog ware could be got to Russia, there, at the Palace of the Froggery, in the autumn of 1774 Messalina and Potemkin would dine off 'British scenery,' and wonder at the thousand 'Elegant buildings' which adorned King George's realm. And there the 'sett' remains to this day.

Now the singular thing to note is that out of Wedgwood and Bentley's search for 'views' came the rage for English 'stained drawings,' produced in gray or *bistre* with a reed pen and then tinted in colours; English watercolour art may almost be said to have had its beginnings in 'stayned drawings' of landscape prospects with country mansions in them; and even to-day there are English folk who hardly enjoy what they call a 'view' unless it has the residence of a peer in the foreground, or of a baronet in the middle distance at the very least. In 1774 rocks were still 'horrid' and 'frowning,' but gentlemen's seats were 'picturesque' and 'romantick'; even seventy years later Kinglake's Yorkshire servant 'rode

doggedly on ' from Belgrade to Constantinople, you remember, ' in his pantry jacket, looking out for gentlemen's seats.' Wedgwood's idea when the Russian order came, that British scenery consisted of gentlemen's estates seen within parks and gardens, was typical of his period. So was the practical use of the camera-obscura, too. When, centuries earlier than that, old Wotton found the first of all camera-obscuras in Kepler's observatory at Linz he wrote to Bacon :

I was much taken with the draft of a landskip on a piece of paper, methought masterly done ; whereof enquiring the author, he bewrayed with a smile it was himself ; adding, he had done it *non tanquam pictor, sed tanquam mathematicus* . . . for he traceth them with his pen in their natural appearance, turning his little tent around by degrees till he hath designed the whole aspect of the field.

It was Wedgwood's search for views of the mansions of the nobility and gentry, and the use of the camera-obscura for the purpose, which brought into existence ' The Copper Plate Magazine, or Monthly Treasury for the Admirers of the Imitative Arts, executed by the most capital artists of Great Britain, and calculated to enrich the cabinets of the curious, or to ornament the apartments of persons of Real Taste.' *Non tanquam pictor, sed tanquam mathematicus*, all that : yet Paul Sandby drew for the ' Copper Plate Magazine,' and so did Girtin and Turner, later on.

Wedgwood the literal and mechanical could employ a Flaxman to give ' the glory that was Greece ' to his medallions and urns, I know, but even in that he was only accepting another convention of the day, ' the rather shallow conceptions of classic art then in vogue.' Buildings were ' views ' and busts and cameos were ' art.' ' Wedgwood was a great potter but not a great artist,' says Professor Church ; yet when it came to the bulk and stand-by of his work, ' no earthenware, native or foreign, combined so many technical perfections. Well-ground clays and flints formed the body. The " potting " was so good that every part and piece was in complete correspondence with every other, while no more material was used than was necessary to secure solidity. Plate rested perfectly on plate, lids fitted perfectly to kettles, basons, and tea-pots. The colours of the wares were refined and uniform, the firing complete, the glaze thin. And the forms of the " useful " ware showed an exact adaptation to their uses. The spouts and lips of milk-ewers and jugs and tea-pots permitted of their contents being poured out with neatness ; the handles could be held ; the lids did not fall off.' This master potter must have everything he

fathered be of the best quality ; pitilessly the mediocre and merely passable was condemned. I see him stumping, wooden-legged, about his sheds and warehouses at Etruria, lifting his stick and smashing any non-excellent bit of ware ; ' *That won't do for Josiah Wedgwood !* ' he growls. So that his Queen's-ware carried England at its workmanlike best abroad, England the skilful and *pratique* and excelling, England the soberly artistic and sensible, the England of quality as well as of the quality, England the true aristocrat among all industrial lands.

Thus in the courtyard of Sterne's inn at Montreuil, sitting under Whitsun leaves, with the platter in its proper place, on the table before me, did I meditate, six years ago ; thus now, when the platter and a Queen's-ware dish hang on my wall with a ' stayed drawing ' between them do I reflect again ; while Hobbinsol reminds me of the delightful wandering hours which went to the picking up of those relics of the Georgian arts. But my vagrant mind goes off again, to a villa near Fiesole, where to this day any English guest is served with what is supposed to be tea, in a cup which is certainly ' Wedgwood.' ' Inglees drink, Inglees cuppa,' says the affable and glowing host, in what he believes to be the English language. And I reflect how easily that ' Inglees cuppa ' might have been not Wedgwood's but Turner's, or Adams' or Palmer's or Shorthose's, or Neale's or Mayer's ; for with one consent other pottery firms in Staffordshire began to apply to Josiah Wedgwood the sincerest form of flattery, in and from the year 1765. Later, when cream-ware had given place to a cheaper and whiter and printed product, to the Staffordshire table-services much as we know them to-day, the exportation grew. And then the numberless views of gentlemen's seats that were sent into an astounded Europe ! The awe of French and Italian sparrow-shooters as they lifted a mug or bent their meagre chests above a dinner-plate, and saw jolly John Bulls, top-hatted and muttonchop-whiskered, fishing strenuously or gloriously killing whole coveys of fat partridges, pillared mansions looking proudly on the while !

By the excellence of the engraving and the colour I know that my platter from Montreuil belonged to that later period, when Josiah Wedgwood had ' died worth half a million,' and his transfer-printers at Liverpool had also passed away. Their fame has not remained so unchallenged as his. John Sadler's claim to the discovery had been disputed almost from the first, not without apparent justice ; in 1772 he ceased to be chief partner, and I

think he died that pathetically-resentful upbraider of life's inequity, a disappointed man. For his secret had escaped him, and an imbroglio of dates and origins and claims had begun, about which the illuminati differ even to-day. *Did* John Sadler, something of a duffer as a copper-plate engraver, by accident discover how to print on pottery, at Liverpool in 1749? Or was the discovery made at Battersea, and first used upon enamels?

The 'Liverpool Guide' in the year 1799 asserted that 'Copper-plate printing on china and earthenware originated *here*, in 1752, and remained for some time a secret with the inventors, Messrs. Sadler and Green.' But in 1753 Battersea was transfer-printing excellently, on enamel. The 'Liverpool Guide's' is a statement bold, bald, and flat enough for anything. But it was made forty-seven years after the alleged event. Fifty-six years later still, the author of a 'History of the Art of Pottery in Liverpool,' one of those earnest people who possess every qualification for producing a good book except the power of writing it decently well, declared that 'several places have been selected as claiming the honour of the first introduction of'—I apologise for quoting such 'Inglees'—'the art which has helped to make English pottery famous throughout the civilized world, and has done so much towards making its production one of the greatest staple manufactures of the country. There are computed to be now nearly 110,000 hands' (obviously an exaggeration) 'employed in connection with the art, and therefore'—again I apologise—'to set at rest the question of any doubt about it in future I give the evidence from the original documents now in my possession.' Then comes the text of the affidavit sworn by Sadler and Green on August 2nd, 1756.

Yet at least seven months earlier than that a certain Monsieur Roquet or Rouquet was sending word to France that not far from the china-works at Chelsea 'they have lately erected another manufacture, where they print some of their work. The subject you wish to stamp'—I quote from what is probably a poor translation, and no doubt the original word was *estamper*, which illuminates the meaning—'must first be engraved on copper. The impression is made on paper, the printed side of which is afterwards applied. . . .' Three months earlier than that, and nearly a year before the date of the Liverpool affidavit, Horace Walpole, prince of connoisseurs and correspondents, was writing to Wedgwood's partner, 'I shall send you, too, a trifling snuffbox, only as a sample

of the new manufacture of Battersea, which is done from copper plates.' In the first letter 'lately,' and 'new' in the second, are terms which may seem to limit the Battersea printing to the year 1755 perhaps; but there is extant a Battersea-printed snuffbox dated 1754 in Masonic chronology, and another printed with the figures 1753. 'Copper-plate printing, on china and earthenware, originated *here* in 1752' said the 'Liverpool Guide.' But in 1753 transfer-printing was being excellently done at Battersea, and in 1757 a porcelain cyder-mug was printed and dated at Worcester; Worcester certainly being the place where printing on china began.

It is difficult and perhaps presumptuous to love a Lord Mayor of London, but one's heart quite warms to the memory of Alderman Sir Stephen Theodore Janssen of the Mansion House, for what he did in enamel at York House, Battersea, when the first moiety of the Georgian century was coming to its close. For never elsewhere were enamels so delicate and gentle and tenderly frivolous distilled and fired. Limoges had produced enamels more striking, and Geneva enamels more gorgeously flaming with hues, but Battersea enamels are the sonnets and roundels and ballades, the Herrick's *Hesperides* and the Gautier's *Émaux* in that kind. Copper, and then a coat of liquid tin, and then the colours and the printing and the gold; enamel of turquoise and ultramarine, primrose and orange, grey and gold, grassy green and rose, on bon-bon boxes, needle-cases, snuffboxes, thimble-covers, decanter-labels, patch-boxes, nutmeg-graters, tea-caddies, candlesticks and inkstands—those were the dainties and *delicatessen* which an Alderman at Battersea set himself to send forth. And on the most prized of them appear the fine lines and designs and exquisite portraits which only transfers from plates that Hancock engraved could produce.

Hancock was a master of the burin, and Sadler was not; but the question is the date at which Hancock began to engrave for transfers at Battersea. Was it earlier than 1753? It may have been as early as 1750, but it could not be so early as 1749, for York House, Battersea, was standing idle then. And 1749 is the capital date as to the invention. For now let us hear the bold and true-ringing claim of Liverpool, uttered in 1756.

I, John Sadler, of Liverpoole, in the county of Lancaster, printer, and Guy Green, of Liverpoole aforesaid, printer, severally maketh oath, that on Tuesday, the 27th July inst, they, these deponents, without the aid or assistance of any other person or persons, did, within the space of six hours, to wit, between the hours of nine in the morning and three in the afternoon of the same day, print upwards of 1,200 earthenware tiles of different patterns at Liverpoole aforesaid,

and which, as these deponents have heard and believe, were more in number and better and neater, than 100 skilful pot painters could have painted in the common and usual way of painting with a pencil; and these deponents say that they have been upwards of seven years finding out the method of printing tiles, and in making tryals and experiments for that purpose, which they have now, through great pains and expense, brought to perfection.

There! the book is kissed and set down on the attorney's table with a bang.

Two printers 'without the aid or assistance of any other person or persons' doing work nineteen to the dozen, 'more in number and better and neater' than a hundred skilful painters on pottery could have done! It was a portent, it was Gutenberg and the missal-writers over again. Josiah Wedgwood was quick to see the meaning of it, and that is why Queen's-ware began to permeate an astounded Europe. And if in 1855 there were '110,000' persons (there weren't!) employed in printing on earthenware and porcelain, how many must there be now? For the Continental potters recovered from the paralysis of surprise, and began to imitate and copy, and transfer-print on baked clays themselves; as witness the noble sportsmen and English-oak park-palings on my platter at Montreuil; as witness the million ware which rolls, so to speak, out of the kilns in Silesia, Saxony, and Limoges to-day.

Josiah Wedgwood is dead and gone these hundred and thirteen years, and although the Pottery District spreads, like a mighty porcupine bristling with chimney-stacks and kilns, Queen's-ware is no longer made there, any more than at Choisy-le-roi. White earthenware has long come in, Silesia, Saxony and Limoges fume with the making of faience and porcelain. And to think of modern Battersea in connexion with dainty enamels is to curve the lip and wrinkle the cheek. While Montreuil-sur-mer has slept within its Vauban walls the world outside has moved on more busily than ever, and Staffordshire and Liverpool, the pioneers, have had the glory of pioneers, which is to adventure and be followed. But still, while the ships go up to Fowey to load with china-clay for use in foreign kilns, I think of the beginnings; and I hear the jingle of packhorse bells, the stalwart roll of wagon wheels, the crack of whips and the creaking of linchpin and leather, as the loads of Queen's-ware go tinkling over Cheshire heaths to the workshops of Sadler and Green.

LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

LORD ROSEBERY, in his admirable *Life of Pitt*, thus summarises the character of the great Earl of Chatham. 'He was a political mystic; sometimes sublime, sometimes impossible, and sometimes insane. But he had genius.' This description may, with small modification, equally fit the Minister's grand-daughter, Lady Hester Stanhope. Mysticism appeared in her spiritual beliefs, sublimity was often evident in her aims and ideas, the position that she tried to assume in the world was impossible and doomed to miserable failure, she was eccentric to the verge, and at last possibly beyond the verge, of madness. But she undoubtedly had a great share of her family's genius, and if it had been allied to even a few solid qualities, if her ill luck had not always been conspicuous, perhaps also if she had lived in a less prosaic age, she might well have taken her place among the heroines who have influenced the world's history.

She was the daughter of the third Earl Stanhope, and her mother was Lady Hester Pitt, who died when she was only four years old. The fullest record of her childhood is to be found in the conversations embodied in her memoirs written by Dr. Meryon in after years, but it cannot be relied upon as being altogether accurate, for her memory had become confused and unreliable, some of the episodes related were certainly imaginary, and there was probably slight foundation for many of the remainder. The family life at Chevening, her father's place, must have been wretchedly miserable, for Lord Stanhope's second wife had no sympathy with the poor little girls whom she there found and saw little of them—so little, indeed, that Lady Lucy said 'if she had met her stepmother in the streets, she would not have known her.' Lord Stanhope himself was the sternest of autocrats in his house, his temper was imperious and inflexible, and he demanded the most unquestioning obedience from everyone. All his children looked upon him with dread, and all, boys and girls, longed to escape from his constant intimidation. Lady Hester, who little knew fear, then or at any time in her life, was the only child that did not utterly quail before him, and, as perhaps might have been expected,

was the only one to whom he showed any sign of regard. In his politics, probably more out of contrariety and self-advertisement than anything else, he outraged all his brother peers by taking up hotly the principles of the French Revolution, calling himself citizen Stanhope, and discarding everything connected with his title, even to the coronets on his park gates. But with all his unamiable qualities and his political eccentricity he mixed a studious disposition, a devotion to science, and an inventive genius that well gave him a claim to remembrance. He is said to have placed before the Admiralty in 1791 (twelve years before Fulton's first steamship was produced) a model of a steamship; and his proposed method of propulsion was the screw, which, though not adopted by Fulton, has now completely superseded that inventor's paddle wheels. He invented a printing-press, a calculating machine, a lightning conductor, besides many other matters, and the results of his labours were by no means ephemeral, but in several cases proved to be of great and lasting utility. Such as her father was, who can wonder at any irregularity of mind in Lady Hester Stanhope? The marvel would have been if she had grown up with even moderately conventional ideas and tendencies.

She put up with the life at Chevening till she was twenty-four, when she went to live with her grandmother, Lady Chatham, at Burton Pynsent, in Somersetshire. Her two sisters had previously married and left their unhappy home. Her father was furious with her because she had facilitated the escape from parental thralldom of her half-brother Lord Mahon, who had not been allowed to go to school or college, and was retained at home, almost as a prisoner, in order that he might be compelled, on coming of age, to consent to alter the entail and give his father power to sell the family estate. To Chevening Lady Hester never returned.

One of the most amiable features in her character was her constant affection for her three half-brothers and the active interest which she ever took in their welfare. Charles, the second, seems to have been rather her favourite. He went into the army and was killed at Corunna, serving as a brother-major with Charles Napier in the 50th, and, before his death, earning by his conduct the personal praise of the gallant Sir John Moore himself. Adored by his men and marked as one of the most able young officers of the army (he was only twenty-four at his death), when he entered the service six years earlier he could not spell at all, owing to his father's neglect of his education. Truly a capacity for passing examina-

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tions may not necessarily include everything that makes a soldier.

While she was at Burton Pynsent and for some years afterwards she maintained a correspondence with Mr. Jackson, in the diplomatic service and afterwards Minister at Berlin, and her letters have been preserved, but they contain little except references to family affairs. The most interesting notice of contemporary events is her opinion of the volunteers and yeomanry of the day, at least as they appeared to her in Somersetshire during the riots caused by the high price of corn.

My military spirit always despised as well as opposed the Volunteer Associations: first, because they were quizzical; and secondly, because I was sure they would be useless, if not mischievous. The first, hereabouts they have completely proved. Some refused to act at all; others wished to go over to the mob, but were prevented, and their arms taken from them; this though was only a few individuals. But the worst of all was a troop of yeomanry cavalry, being called out to quell a riot obeyed very readily; but the mob surrounded the captain the moment they arrived at the place of destination, and all the rest galloped away.

Even in our day we may very profitably remember that, to be of use in even the simplest emergencies, the long habit of discipline is as essential to any body of troops as the familiarity with a soldier's weapons.

In another place, she says of her friend Sir Francis Burdett, what will not be denied by anyone who has read of that clever but dangerous man's political aberrations: 'I never could discover but one fault in my friend's character, compiled of a peculiar talent for making jumbles with a vast share of absence and inattention.'

Lady Hester Stanhope, taking advantage of the Peace of Amiens, like other English people who had been so long confined by Continental war to their own country, was abroad with friends in 1802 and 1803. When she returned to England, it was to find herself homeless. Her grandmother had died and Burton Pynsent had passed to her uncle, Lord Chatham, best known to posterity by the epigram written on his inglorious command in the Walcheren expedition,

Lord Chatham, with his sabre drawn,
Stood waiting for Sir Richard Strachan
Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em,
Stood waiting for the Earl of Chatham.

And now began the really most important part of her life, though not that by which she is best remembered, the time when she

possessed influence so great as nearly to approach power, when she was in the innermost diplomatic circle, and when in society she was honoured and courted. William Pitt opened his doors to her, and placed her as mistress of his household at the head of his table. And this was an act of no common kindness on the part of the great man, for he knew little of his very vivacious and headstrong niece, and to receive her into his house meant a total change in his mode of life and a breaking up of all his habits. But the result was of the happiest description. He came to love Lady Hester with all a father's affection, she regarded him when living with the devoted attachment of a daughter, and after his death cherished his memory with something like worship.

When Lady Hester first was received by Mr. Pitt he was living at Walmer Castle, his official residence as Warden of the Cinque Ports, and his chief occupation was the raising and drilling of a volunteer regiment, which was to take part in the defence of Kent against the anticipated French invasion. William Pitt proved himself to be a great war minister; he was 'the Pilot who weathered the storm,' but he knew nothing of the actual business of war, the expeditions which he directed against various parts of France and the Low Countries were generally ill advised and ill provided, they wasted England's substance, and, except as showing determination and perseverance, were practically failures. In a small way his personal military exertions while in retirement were the shadow of his military policy when he was Prime Minister. As Lord Rosebery says, 'amid the derision of his enemies and the apprehensions of his friends, he spent his days in feverish activity, riding and reviewing along the coast committed officially to his charge. He would not even go to London unless the wind was in a quarter that prohibited a hostile invasion.' His energy and example were above all praise, but how little could the raw volunteers, whom he had hastily raised, have done against the war-hardened soldiers of Napoleon, if Nelson had not held the seas! In all his long rides from one parade to another, sometimes fifteen or twenty miles, Lady Hester Stanhope was his constant and enthusiastic companion, though even she, excellent horsewoman as she was, felt the fatiguing strain, besides in addition being consumed with anxiety lest her uncle should overdo himself and injure his health.

In May 1804 William Pitt again became Prime Minister and commenced that short period of administration when, with a feeble Cabinet, he had to meet the gigantic difficulties, both abroad

and at home, by which eventually his proud spirit and enfeebled constitution were mortally crushed. In the meantime, however, Lady Hester, as the mistress of the Prime Minister's establishment, was necessarily in the highest social position, and she fully and freely enjoyed it. Her joyousness and brilliancy enlivened the house, pleased and amused the usually stern and reserved statesman. And the general high spirits seem sometimes even to have taken the form of what would now be called 'bear-fighting'! Sir William Napier tells how, when he was a lad of nineteen and staying as a guest in Mr. Pitt's house, the Minister used to take delight in a romp with Lady Hester, the two young Stanhopes, and himself. On one occasion the party were trying to blacken Pitt's face with burnt cork, he vigorously defending himself with a cushion, when a servant announced that Lords Castlereagh and Liverpool desired to see him on business. 'Let them wait in the other room,' was the answer, and the fun went on. After ten minutes, when the cork had been successfully applied, a truce was called and a basin of water and towel were required to remove the traces of the fray. The two lords were ushered in, and seemed to bend 'like spaniels' before the man who had just been so irreverently maltreated. His voice and manner changed at once to the utmost haughtiness. He heard what they had to say, made one or two short observations, and then dismissed his visitors with a stiff and curt bow. As soon as they were gone, he turned with a laugh, snatched up the cushion, and renewed the frolic.

It was at this time that Lady Hester Stanhope's previous acquaintance with Sir John Moore ripened into intimacy, and she learned to appreciate thoroughly his greatness. The editor of Sir John Moore's diary emphatically contradicts the belief he was engaged to her, supporting his opinion by a quotation from the *Life of Sir Charles Napier* 'which records the truth as known to Moore's own family.' On the other hand Lady Hester Stanhope's own family were convinced that there was an understanding, if not an actual engagement, between her and the heroic soldier, and that both hoped that, when his campaigns were over, he would be able to come back and claim her as his bride. However the truth as to this may be, it is certain that she always looked upon Sir John Moore with the utmost admiration and ever delighted in talking about him. Her advocacy of him was sometimes emphatic even beyond the bounds of good manners. She herself told how General Phipps, calling one day, repeated something to disparage Sir John

Moore in Pitt's estimation, and that she had said : ' You imagine, General, that Mr. Pitt does not greatly value Sir John's abilities, but learn from me, you nasty kangaroo '—alluding to General Phipps's manner of holding his hands, for the poor man was slightly paralysed—' that there is no one in the King's army whose services he values more highly.' ' Lady Hester, Lady Hester, what are you saying ? ' exclaimed Mr. Pitt, with an ill-suppressed smile, which betrayed his secret enjoyment of the scene, though he can hardly have altogether approved of his niece's outspokenness.

She had no great respect for Mr. Pitt's colleagues in the Ministry. To quote Sir William Napier :

Lord Castlereagh she always called ' His monotonous Lordship,' and Lord Liverpool was a constant theme of ridicule. Thus, speaking of a design at that time entertained of conferring military decorations, she told me that it had been agreed to by Mr. Pitt, but was stopped by the meddling of Lord Liverpool, who insisted on being a copartner with her in choosing the colour and texture of the ribbons. *That*, she said, she thought, as a young woman, she might have been allowed to settle; but Lord Liverpool, being an old woman, was jealous, and sent her four thousand yards—she positively affirmed that—four thousand yards of different ribbons at the expense of the public, which he proposed to examine in conjunction with her for the purpose of fixing on the most suitable. She sent them back with her compliments, saying she declined the concert and could see no use whatever for the ribbons, except to make braces for supporting his Lordship's culottes, which she had observed were always weighed down by the heavy official papers in his pockets. This stopped all further progress in the plan for military decorations.

Poor British Army! Its interests are sometimes affected by strange and trivial circumstances!

But the day of poignant sorrow was drawing near. Mr. Pitt's health had been failing for some time, and, in January 1806, he passed away. All England mourned him, but his loss was to Lady Hester Stanhope crushing indeed. With the statesman's death everything in which she most delighted was taken from her—home, position, privilege, prospects, and above all the care and affection of the great man who had been more than a father to her and whom she regarded with the utmost honour and devotion. But she faced the situation courageously, and, thinking as ever of her two younger half-brothers, she took a house in London to make a home for them. She was in comparatively easy circumstances as regards money matters, for, in compliance with her uncle's last dying wishes, a pension of 1,200*l.* a year had been granted to her, as well as smaller pensions to her two sisters. The warrants for these pensions were the last papers carried by Lord Hawkes-

bury to the King for signature before the Ministry retired from office.

Only by degrees, however, she realised the complete alteration in her position that had befallen. Everything was changed. She who had been accustomed to take a leading part in society now found herself set aside. From having been courted and deferred to, she was now of no account, and she was slow in recognising that this was inevitable when the sun, whose glory she had in some degree reflected, was now set for ever. She became, in consequence, suspicious, irritable, and prone to take offence even from those who were most inclined to befriend her and most able to do her service. Her unreasoning pride was stirred up by what she considered to be unmerited neglect, and she began to entertain those misanthropic feelings which dominated the latter half of her life. Her latent eccentricities were developed, and the change had begun which eventually turned the brilliant young lady of London society into the self-centred, gloomy, and mystic Eastern recluse.

Two years later befell the catastrophe of Corunna, and Lady Hester had to mourn the loss on that fatal field of her favourite brother Charles, the only one of her family with whom she never appears to have had any misunderstanding. Then the death of Sir John Moore unquestionably came as an overpowering affliction. She had been in constant, and more than friendly, correspondence with him during his operations in Spain, and the last letter which he wrote to her, dated from Salamanca, spoke with hope of a happy reunion. She had indeed cause for deep grief.

And her bitterness against the world in general was accentuated by the unjust reflections cast upon the memory of Moore, both in and out of Parliament. She expressed her feelings very strongly in a letter to Canning, who had written a sympathetic letter to her. Canning, indeed, deserved reproach, if the story is true told by Sir William Napier :

On the direct authority of Lady Castlereagh, Lord Castlereagh's duel with Mr. Canning was not, she said, in revenge for the intrigue which ousted the former from office. He was content to leave that for public judgement; but Mr. Canning offered to reinstate him if he would consent to sacrifice the reputation of Sir John Moore: an insult well answered by a shot.

Lady Hester Stanhope had spent a summer at a farmhouse in Wales to recruit her health and to seek for some peace after her troubles, but this change did not satisfy her. She was disgusted with London and the London world, and she felt it impossible to

renew her life in old scenes under changed conditions. She sold her house and resolved to travel. Probably she had no present intention of forsaking England altogether, but her fate called her, and when, in 1810, she embarked at Portsmouth for Gibraltar she was to see her country no more. There were no passenger ships in those days, and travellers were dependent on such chance means of transport as presented themselves. There was every consideration, however, for such a personage as Lady Hester, and her party was accommodated in a frigate on convoy duty. After staying at Gibraltar for a short time, she got a passage in another frigate to Malta. The Continent was closed to all English people, and she had intended to go on to Sicily, then in British occupation, but that island was now threatened with invasion by Murat and could not be safely visited. She turned her thoughts to the East, the only choice that was left to her, and doubtless felt some of the romantic fascination which the conception of Eastern life and customs always exercises, to a greater or less degree, on the inhabitant of the more commonplace West. She visited Athens, where she met Lord Byron, and her estimate of him, which was hardly endorsed by his other contemporaries, is worth recording. 'I saw nothing in him but a well-bred man, like many others; for, as for his poetry, it is easy enough to write verses, and as to the thoughts, who knows where he got them? Many a one picks up some old book that nobody knows anything about, and gets his ideas out of it.' From Athens she passed on to Constantinople, where she remained nearly a year. There she met Mr. Stratford Canning, who, though only twenty-four, was then Ambassador to the Porte, the post which, as Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the Great Elchi, he still held at the time of the Crimean War. They were on the most friendly terms until he detected her in the act of trying to get a passport for France from the French *Chargé d'affaires*. She had conceived a mad wish to see Napoleon, and was resolved to gratify it at all costs. Of course the British Minister could not allow such an escapade without permission from the English Government, and the result was a bitter quarrel between him and the lady. Having thus failed in her attempt to go westward, Lady Hester decided to go to Egypt, and a Greek vessel was chartered for the voyage. But her usual ill-luck dogged her. Adverse winds delayed her, first at one island, then at another, and finally she was shipwrecked on a barren rock off the coast of Rhodes, barely escaping with life and losing every single one of her possessions and equipments. After suffering

the utmost hardships, she at last arrived at the town of Rhodes, where for a time she was prostrated by illness. When she recovered, she found that to replace her European female clothing was absolutely impossible, and there was nothing for it but to dress as a Turk—a Turkish man, for if she had dressed as a Turkish woman she could not have been seen to speak to one of the opposite sex. The Oriental dress, which she then of necessity adopted, she never again discarded. The dress itself, with its flowing draperies and voluminous trousers, had nothing really unbecoming a woman's use. The only point that might have invited criticism was the constant wearing of weapons, but this was hardly a matter of choice. They were a necessity to travellers, and there is no record that Lady Hester, in her many adventures, ever fired a shot or bared steel.

At length she managed with her retinue to make her way to Alexandria, being again conveyed in one of the then ubiquitous British frigates, and thence to Cairo, where the presence of an Englishwoman of rank was an unprecedented event, and she was received with almost royal honours. Egypt was little to her taste, however, and she went on to Palestine, where she commenced her long travels on horseback through Syria, riding *à la Turque* and in everything bearing herself as an Oriental of distinction. She followed what is now the beaten track of tourists to Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Mount Carmel, Haifa, and Acre. Two remarkable men were met—one, whose story has been denied but nevertheless appears to be indisputable, was the Mameluke who, by riding his horse over a lofty wall, escaped from the massacre of his comrades at Cairo; the other, the celebrated traveller Burckhardt, who appeared as a barelegged Syrian peasant calling himself Sheik Ibrahim, the character in which he had been able to penetrate to many places forbidden to Europeans. A visit followed to the Emir Beshyr, Prince of the Mountain, who ruled the Druses of Lebanon, the people of vague history and mysterious legend. From them she went on to Damascus, one of the most fanatical towns in Syria, and insisted, contrary to the advice even of her Moslem friends, upon riding into it unveiled and in her male garments. Her audacity was perfectly successful and she was received as a Princess by the Pasha and people. The honours and adulation, dear to her heart, were rendered in the fullest measure. She wrote :

All I can say about myself sounds like conceit, but others could tell you that I am the oracle of the place, and the darling of all the troops, who seem to think I am a deity, because I ride and because I bear arms; and the fanatics all bow before me, because the Dervishes think me a wonder and have given me a piece of Mahomet's tomb,

Indeed, she had burst like an apparition into the most ancient and unchanged of eastern cities, and the very confidence with which she disregarded every prejudice of its inhabitants seemed to mark her, for the time at least, as a being who must be divine, or at least royal.

When at Damascus, Lady Hester Stanhope formed the project of visiting Palmyra, and this she was the more anxious to do because she was told it was quite impracticable, the place being at a long distance in the heart of a waterless desert and in the hands of wild Bedouin tribes, who were outside of any jurisdiction and defied Turkish authority. Probably, also, she had some half-defined idea that, with the prestige which she believed herself to possess, she might revive in her own person the glory of Zenobia and found a kingdom in the desert with the descendants of Ishmael as her obedient subjects. After many delays, the journey was successfully accomplished, and Lady Hester pitched her camp in the renowned Temple of the Sun. She had made friends with Mahommed-el-Fadel, the paramount chief of all the Anizi tribes, and trusting herself to him and paying him a considerable sum of money, had with many adventures and some amount of danger (for there was much internecine war among the Bedouins) done what no European lady and only three men had accomplished before. After her return, she wrote: 'Without joking I have been crowned Queen of the desert under the triumphal arch at Palmyra. . . . If I please, I can now go to Mecca *alone*. . . . I am the Sun, the Star, the Pearl, the Lion, the Light from Heaven, and the Queen.' She had really been treated with every honour, and though, doubtless, after the manner of all Orientals, the Arabs rather overstated their devotion, they must have shown to her an unprecedented amount of good-will. Still, with all her satisfaction, there appeared an undercurrent of something like disappointment that she had not been invited to remain and rule. It seems probable indeed that the wily Arabs had, in all their exuberant welcome, no thought of doing more than giving to her reverent and hospitable treatment as a fair equivalent for the money which she had paid to their chief.

During her journey to Palmyra she had one nerve-shaking incident. One day the Emir Nasar (Mahommed-el-Fadel's son), who was commanding her escort, behaved to her with unaccustomed rudeness and seemed very moody. It was whispered that he meant mischief and there was much consequent anxiety in camp, though Lady Hester remained cool and unconcerned. The next evening brought graver cause for alarm. After dinner, as they sat discussing what they should do if Nasar proved treacherous, they heard a great noise and confusion outside, and Lady Hester's servant rushed in to tell them that some of the mares were missing, a party of Faydan Arabs reported to be prowling round the camp, and all the Bedouins arming and mounting in pursuit. Nasar himself rode away with the rest, and they suddenly found the whole of their escort gone. They were left in the heart of the desert, without guide or bearings, knowing neither where they were, nor how to find the wells on which their existence depended, encumbered with a great pile of baggage, most tempting as booty, and so few in number as to be at the mercy of any strong band of marauders. The situation was extremely critical; but Lady Hester, undismayed, appeared 'as cool as in a ballroom.' She gave orders that every man should take his gun and pistol, and stationed her little garrison at different points round the camp. After a time, however, Nasar and his Bedouins reappeared, and it was shrewdly suspected he had been no further off than some neighbouring sandhills, behind which he had watched the effect of his proceedings. The whole scare was, in fact, a feint to test Lady Hester's nerve, and see whether she could not be frightened into paying a larger subsidy.

If this really was, as seems probable, a pre-arranged alarm it was entirely in accordance with the ideas of Orientals, who are always ready to devise a fictitious situation for the purpose of probing the real character of any one with whom they have to deal. How true this is will certainly be recognised by all students of the 'Arabian Nights.' And another instance was related by Lady Hester to Kinglake, when her courage was put to the proof. She was accompanying a tribe on a desert march (the actual occasion not being specified) when she saw preparations for an engagement going on. The Sheik would not at first tell her why danger was threatening. At last, however, on being pressed, he allowed that her presence was the sole cause of hostility between his people and another much more powerful tribe, but he added that of course he could not be false to the sacred duty of hospitality to his

honoured guest against any odds. She at once said that she could not allow herself to be a source of danger to her friends, and that she would sooner take her chance alone in the desert. The Sheik affected to dissuade her from such a course, saying that the enemy's horsemen were sweeping all the neighbourhood and that she could not possibly escape them. But she was not to be moved by any such fears, turned her horse's head, and rode away without friend or follower. Hours passed and she was solitary in the desert, when she saw some horsemen rapidly approaching. Presently a horde of armed Bedouins galloped up to her, apparently menacing her life with their spears. Cool and undismayed, she waited till the foremost horsemen had almost reached her, and then, standing up in her stirrups, threw aside the *yashmak* which in Eastern fashion had veiled her face, waved her arm slowly and disdainfully, and cried with a loud voice 'Avaunt!' The Bedouins recoiled from the terror of her glance, and then, changing their fierce yells for loud shouts of admiration at the fearlessness of the English lady, fired festive shots over her head as a salute of honour. The truth was that the party really belonged to the tribe which she had lately left, and the whole story of the threatened engagement had been contrived only to test her courage. It may be said that the word 'avaunt' would convey no meaning to the Bedouins, but the sonorous exclamation would not be less effective for being incomprehensible.

Lady Hester was now at the zenith of her reputation. Her name was known far and wide throughout the East, and faint echoes of her adventures had even reached England. From that period, however, began her decadence. The plague was raging in Syria, and after escaping the epidemic for a long time she unfortunately at last fell a victim, and only recovered after long prostration to find herself permanently shaken both in nerve and constitution. She had had till then no permanent habitation, but now she took up her abode at the old convent of Mar Elias on a spur of Lebanon, which she rented from the Patriarch of the Greek Catholics. She assumed all the importance of an accredited representative of England, and even proposed to send to the English Government the bill for the extravagant expenditure which she had incurred, saying that the payment was no more than her due for having gained so much reputation for the English name. It need hardly be said that this idea came to nought.

Lady Hester certainly gave very practical proof of her con-

fidence in the safe position which she believed she had achieved among the wandering desert tribes by dispensing entirely with an escort when she made an expedition to visit the mighty ruins of Baalbec, involving a six-days' march through a desolate and disturbed country. She accomplished it without the slightest interference or embarrassment, so her prestige in Syria would appear to have had, at that time, a very real existence. On the way back to Mar Elias, at one of their halting-places, the Maronite monastery of Mar Antonius (St. Anthony), the men only could be received, as the Saint's wrath was believed to wreak terrible vengeance on anything of the female sex bold enough to cross the threshold. Even the villagers' hens were kept cooped up lest they should stray into the sacred precincts. Lady Hester and her women were therefore lodged in a house hard by. No sooner had she arrived than she sent word to the Superior that she was about to test the Saint's gallantry, and proposed giving a dinner to him and some Sheiks that were with her in one of the rooms of his monastery on the following day, hinting at the same time that the Sultan's firman empowered her to visit any place she chose, and that opposition to her meant opposition to him. The horror and indignation of the unhappy monks at such sacrilegious impiety may be conceived ; but they did not venture to offer open resistance, and when the dinner hour arrived Lady Hester, mounted on her ass (a she ass), rode ostentatiously into the very hall of the monastery, visited every part of the building, sat down to dinner with the trembling Superior, and remained four hours within the jealously guarded precincts. Many of the bystanders every moment expected the earth to open and swallow her up, and the fame of her exploit was bruited near and far.

The usual beliefs and mysterious tales of the East began to have a powerful influence upon her, and of course the legends of hidden treasure took a foremost place. A document came into her hands purporting to tell of huge hoards of coin buried at Ascalon, and her own superstitious credulity also induced her to believe that she had only to seek and find. She persuaded the Turkish authorities to undertake the search, which continued for ten days, but, as might have been expected, proved fruitless. The failure gave a shock in Syria to her credit as a wise woman.

Mar Elias failed to satisfy her, and she moved to another deserted monastery called Djoun, further up the mountain, where she lived till her death twenty years later, and during the greater part of

this time she was a complete recluse, never going outside her garden walls. She entertained to the utmost extent the Eastern precepts of open-handed charity and gave to them the most practical interpretation. She intended Djoun to be a home for all proscribed refugees and for any wanderers who might come to the Lebanon. She made it an inviolate sanctuary, in which everybody was safe. And even the great chiefs and princes seem to have allowed her claims, never venturing to interfere with anyone under Lady Hester's protection. After the siege of Acre she harboured two hundred of the wretched population, Ibrahim Pasha failing to induce her to surrender some whose lives he particularly sought, and even he, truculent as he was, did not feel inclined to use force to make her do so. 'She sent him word that he must take her own life first, for, as long as the breath was in her body, the poor people who had sought her protection should remain unmolested under her roof.'

She was now merged heart and soul into Orientalism, and her thoughts became wilder and wilder. A fortune-teller in England had long ago told her that she would one day go to Jerusalem and lead back the chosen people, after spending seven years in the desert; and, curiously enough, two other soothsayers in Syria had predicted much the same thing, and also that she should partake of the Mahdi's mission. She was impressed with the idea that she was destined to play a great part in the East, and the success which she had met with in gaining influence over Druse, Turk, and Bedouin, though perhaps more fancied than real, gave some reason for her conviction. With her coming greatness in view, she studied the character and prejudices of those around her, and soon realised that in their profound belief in supernatural agencies lay to her hand the impulse by which they could always be swayed. She therefore applied herself to the study of astrology and the occult sciences, seeking out dervishes and magicians to be her teachers, becoming an adept in reading the stars, and making herself mistress of divination methods and aids to prophetic power. She was naturally credulous, with, as has been said, a tendency to mysticism, and there can be no doubt that, when she allowed her reason to sleep, she actually believed that she had acquired more than human attributes. Shrewd and practical as she still occasionally showed herself, her mind, when she dealt with spiritual matters, seemed entirely to lose its balance. Her religious beliefs became cloudy and confused. Looking upon herself as the future Queen of

Jerusalem, she thought that the Mahdi or Messiah, with whom she was to reign, was yet to come, and she adopted for her guidance a sort of combination of the Christian, Jewish, and Mahommedan creeds. Her presumption and the errors to which it led were lamentable, and the picture of a mind so distraught is most pathetic. Very, very seldom was any visitor allowed inside the walls of Djoun, and those who were permitted to have an interview with the 'prophetess' have carefully described it as one of their most interesting experiences of Eastern travel. Lamartine, Silk Buckingham, Kinglake, and others have told the sad story, but none has told it so well as Kinglake in his ever-delightful 'Eothen.'

In her latter days her eccentricities and her moroseness became more and more evident. Her expenditure had been far beyond her means, she was heavily in debt, and Eastern creditors are not very longsuffering. She was reduced to the greatest poverty and died at Djoun, robbed by the dependents to whom she had ever been too generous, and with no kindly tendance in her last hours. The English Consul at Beyrout and an American missionary hurried to Djoun, when the news that she was ill and helpless reached them, but they only arrived in time to place her in her grave.

TOM CAUSEY'S MASTERPIECE.

I WAS just in time to catch the finish of a twice-told homily of Tom Causey, professional rat and rabbit catcher to all who might require his services, as to the danger of putting ferrets into the North Devon cliffs: 'Us did put the verrets into the cliffs wan time, and wan of mun valled over, but 'e wasn't drowned, vor 'e swum over to Lundy and come 'ome in the skiff.'

Now Lundy Island is a mere trifle of anything between twenty and twenty-five miles from the shore at the point of which he was speaking. Causey concluded this terrific tale with an expression of countenance which was more than grave. It was fierce, extraordinarily fierce, so that not one of his auditors in the bar-parlour of the 'Ring o' Bells,' which is at the head of the town of Bidecombe, in Devon, dared show a smile on his face by way of hint that his credulity was insufficient to receive with gratitude so large an offering. I had come into the 'Ring o' Bells' on a matter of business with Causey connected with the purchase of a certain 'old vitchie verret,' as Causey called it, which I could see even now stirring in the pocket of one of the immense tails of his ancient velveteen coat. 'Vitchie verret' was Causey's name in the vernacular for a 'fitch' or 'fitchie' ferret, and 'fitch' is just another name for 'polecat'; indicating that this particular ferret was of the original dark polecat colour, almost of the hue of a sable, and not the pink-eyed albino. Thus I had come in for the recital of this tale, and hugged myself for my good fortune while I crossed the parlour to sit beside Causey and talk of the ferret's merits in a low voice, and see whether I could get him to abate a shilling off the price. The shilling was an affair of moment to a boy, and worth some bargaining; also, Tom Causey's conversation never failed to be informing; and, finally, there was the added joy that the very visit to a public-house, even one so reputable as the 'Ring o' Bells,' was a crime against authority in itself.

Causey drew the ferret from his pocket and petted it up against his great red cheek, while it nuzzled with its little nose in the grizzled ringlets which came down under his greasy felt hat. 'A proper beauty 'e be, sure enough,' Causey said, 'and that gentle—

there, a lady might carry 'un in 'er muff.' 'Is he game, though?' I asked, for these blandishing qualities are not of the essence of what is highest in ferret nature. 'Game!' said Causey with scorn; 'a proper tiger 'e be. I've seed this 'ere zame vitchie verret vor take 'old teu a great rat and shake the very life out of 'un, I have, very zame as 'e were a dogue.' That was better. 'And will he not lie up?' 'I wouldn't be vor saying,' Causey said, immensely candid, 'as if there was a nest of young rabburts in the earth with 'un as 'e mightn't lie by a bit vor enjoy 'eeself like, as any verret would; but there!—lie up when 'twas a growed rabbit as 'e was a-tackling, why, I'll lay as yeu'll never know un deu no such thing till the days o' Kingdom come.'

In the face of that it seemed hard to think of bating the price of such an animal by a shilling. In fact, as I took the ferret, and Causey the money, I was made ashamed by his saying that it was 'all the zame as giving of 'ee such a verret as that there vor take this money vor 'un.'

Causey drank beer at intervals from a great quart pot as we struck the bargain; but his head had seemed clear to discuss its points and the merits of the ferret, so that I was surprised when we left the 'Ring o' Bells' together, Causey saying that he 'was minded vor go 'ome early,' to find his big body swaying on my little one like a man far gone. There is only one right way for a man to go from the 'Ring o' Bells' to Bidecombe Bridge, and so across the water to where Causey lived, and that is the plain and simple way down Cold Harbour Lane. It is so steep that if Causey had lain on the ground he would have rolled down it to the bottom. Instead of that, though he rolled quite enough, he did it on his two feet, and, for all I could do, they insisted on taking him round by Market Street and High Street, and so along the quay. The greater distance was nothing, but what was something was that that kind of Carfax where the High Street went to the quay was the outlook place which Hutchings the policeman always occupied. It gave him points of view four ways, and every policeman in succession took his natural post there. The last man in the world that Causey ought to meet in his present state was Hutchings. So I tugged and pushed at his great carcase to make it go any other way; but it was like a dinghy trying to push a schooner, especially as all the ways were downhill ways, and he went heaving and yawing, with me vainly trying to steady him, down the High Street, straight on to his fate. Some kind of desperation had hold of him, so that

he would not even let himself be guided to the far side of the road from the policeman, but must come bearing right down on him, blundering actually up against him. It was no place for me then any more, and I sheered off out of danger and listened.

Joshua Hutchings was a man with a feeling heart for the sinner. Causey, besides, was big enough to be dangerous. I heard him say, 'Oh Lord, Tom! there yeu be again—obstreperous. Well, over the quay-head yeu will go, an' be drowned, zure enough. I'll 'ave vor tak 'ee to the lock-up, 'ees fai' I will, vor your awn zake like.'

I could see under the dim gas lamps—immense novelty and splendour of Bidecombe of that era—Causey clinging about the policeman with maudlin affection rather than natural hostility. The affection was just as bad for Hutchings as the normal condition would have been. I heard Causey, with a thick incoherence, begging to be taken to his own house rather than the police cell, undertaking that he would go along quiet, so he would, sure enough, if only Joshua was to take him home, and more than hinting that the walk would not be nearly such a pleasant one if it had to finish in the lock-up. I dare say Joshua Hutchings's motives were mixed in the course he took finally, for Causey left no motive without appeal; but the last thing I saw, following at a discreet distance, was Hutchings leading him over the bridge, by which I knew that Causey had won his case, and was being taken home, not to the cell, and Causey seeming to redeem his pledge and going, in spite of the natural lurchings, quietly.

I was busy the next day or two, making trial of that famous fitchie ferret, and consequently not well posted in the local news, or should have heard sooner of big events happening, of which Harris, the garden boy, first told me, saying:

'They'se a-got th' old Tom Causey this wance—they 'ave, zure enough.'

'How, got him?'

'Well, they baint a-got 'ee, but they've a-got th' old spud of 'un, what he left be'ind when he'd mos' broke the young veller's leg with 'un.'

All this was enigmatic, but it is the way stories are told in Devon—in pieces, like puzzles which you have to fit together, and as a rule they hand you the last piece first. The 'young fellow' whose leg had been 'almost broke' was Squire Hyde's under keeper, and the way it had happened was that the keepers had

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heard someone moving in the coverts by night, got a sight of the man, kept him in sight while he brought down a roosting pheasant off a tree—they thought it was a catapult that he brought it down with, but would not swear to that engine; then they tried to close on him, but he saw them or heard them and got a bit of a start. The head keeper, an old man, did not make much of the pursuit, but the young fellow, slim and active, caught the poacher up, and by his own showing was going for his throat when the poacher cracked him over the shin with a great stick. 'An' off 'e goes again, and the young veller not over and above minded vor foller after 'un, 'cos the leg of 'un was purty nigh broke, and besides he'd seed purty well by that there who 'twas—th' old Tom Causey. An' what's more, when 'e caught the young veller over the shin the stick come right away out of 'ees 'and, so as they found 'un afterwards, and there 'twas, th' old blackthorn stick, same as 'e always 'ath along wi' 'un. Yeu know 'un, master, that there wi' the spud to the end of 'un for diggee out verrets.' Of course I knew it well.

'Zo the warrant's out against 'un, and 'ath been served on 'un, and th' old Tom'll be up bevoor th' bench a fortnight come Teusday.'

This was news of import and stood the light of examination better than most of its kind. In its salient points it was confirmed. Even Causey had nothing to say against most of them. He had been served with the summons. He had lost his spud when he was ferreting 'up along that way' in the afternoon; some 'poachin' rascal' must have picked it up and taken it along. But the most salient point in the whole story, as it was told by the keepers of Squire Hyde and had found credence enough for a warrant to be issued on it, he contradicted in the most clear terms. It could not have been Causey that was in Squire Hyde's woods that evening, for the plain reason that no man, 'specially a man o' my zize,' as he said, can be in two places at once, and 'tis plain for zure as I couldn't a-been in th' old Squire 'Yde's coverts, 'cos I wass 'ome to bed.'

Asked who he would find to give evidence to that effect, in the event of the bench showing such poor judgment as to prefer the evidence of the young fellow with the cracked shin to his, Causey replied readily that his wife would give evidence. Rimehouse, the river watcher, and naturally on the side of authority against the poacher, bearing a personal grudge against Causey beside, muttered that he supposed she'd give evidence to anything; but no one

paid much attention to Rimehouse because he was a South Devon man.

We tried to persuade Causey to have the services of young Frant, the lawyer who always opposed the magistrates' clerk on principle, because he belonged to the rival firm in the town and considered he ought to be clerk instead; but Causey said he would conduct his own case. He was big with mystery about it all, giving dark hints and obscure answers when questioned about the line of his defence. But of course the idea of defence was not taken seriously. There was the spud, and the young keeper was confident of his identification. For all that the case was opened in a crowded court with a strong smell of velveteen and corduroy.

The young fellow with the cracked shin was chief witness for the prosecution, and gave his evidence on the lines expected. When he had done, Causey was asked by the bench whether he would put him any questions.

'I'd like vor ask 'un this yer,' said Causey. 'Ow wass it when yeu come within vive yards o' me, as yeu'm zaying yeu did—supposin' as it wass me—'ow wass it, when yeu wass come so near as that there, as yeu couldn't say for zure whether 'twas a catapult or no as I viwed with at the pheasant? 'Adn't been drinkin', 'ad 'ee?'

The young man was virtuously taken aback by the idea. Drinking! No. Had drunk nothing. It was a main dark night, and at five yards (or it may have been six or seven—the bench would understand that it was difficult to be accurate to a yard or two—'Quite so' from the Chairman—in the circumstances) it was easy to be mistaken.

'Be yeu sartain as 'twas any less nor vive-and-twenty yards?' Causey asked.

'Ees, I be sartain zure.'

'Be 'ee now? It mus' 'ave been a terrible dark night, zure enough. Zo 'appened,' he added, with an immense innocence, at which the court, including the bench, laughed freely, 'as I wass 'ome that night.'

'Ees 'twas,' said the young man, a little mugged in the head by the laughter, which seemed to be against him—'terrible dark.'

Then he heaved a sigh of heavy relief on permission given to leave the box, the opinion of the court being that Causey 'adn't a-made very much of 'un.'

Causey's own first witness was Mrs. Causey, whom he spoke of

as 'th' old 'oman,' and could not be prevailed on by any means to use any other designation for her. Her evidence was to the effect that Causey had come in 'in a terrible takin', zure enough,' in the afternoon before the night on which the poaching had been done, saying that he had lost his spud somewhere up among the gorse where he had been ferreting. 'An' didn't I tell 'ee, teu, as I'd seed a terrible poachin'-like rascal of a veller hangin' about, and made no doubt at all as 'twas 'e as 'ad a-taken 'un?' This was Causey's suggestion to his lady, and perhaps there are courts of law in which suggestion in this form put into a witness's mouth would not have been permitted; but there was no objection made in Bidecombe court, even though the magistrates' clerk was supposed to be against Causey. The fact was that North Devon had the habit of taking Causey as a joke, and there did not seem a serious element in all this defence. The bench thought that they and the accused and the witnesses and all understood each other perfectly; the only question really in their minds was the penalty to be imposed. Among the things that were understood was the fact that Mrs. Causey's evidence could not be taken seriously when she spoke for her husband. And what gave force to this was that Causey did not even go through the form of asking her whether he had been at home that night. He let her go out of the box as soon as her evidence about the spud was given. It was supposed that that was the end, and the Chairman, thinking it was so, got on his legs to ask Causey, as a matter of form, before the bench considered their finding, whether he had any more witnesses to call. Causey surprised all the court by answering, 'Ees fai' I 'ave. I calls Joshua 'Utchings.'

It seemed so good a joke that Causey should call the policeman, of all men, to speak on his behalf that the court received it in a surprised silence for a moment, and when it recovered from the surprise it went into universal laughter, during which Hutchings, most badly surprised of all, got into the box and kissed the book, mumbling, 'The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me God,' after the clerk. But the court grew deadly silent then to hear Causey's questions.

'Do yeu mind wan night teu or dree weeks back as I 'appened vor meet 'ee teu the bottom of th' 'Igh Street, and yeu wass so gude as vor come 'ome 'long o' me?'

'Ees fai', I mind it well, Thomas, tho' I be main surprised as yeu'm willing vor call it up teu mind in open coort.'

'Be 'ee surprised, then? Why be 'ee surprised, Joshua?'

'Zeeing the condition as yeu wass in, Thomas.'

'Condition then! What be yeu meanin'?'

'I be meanin' this then, Tom Causey, as yeu'm minded vor 'ave it. It baint the vurst time by many as I've seed 'ee in liquor, but I'm blamed if I ever did zee 'ee zo var gone like as yeu wass that night. There now, I wouldn't 'ave told upon 'ee in open court if so be as yeu 'adn't a-vorced it out.'

'Wass I that bad zure enough, Joshua?'

'Ees fai', Tom, yeu wass that. I seed 'ee 'ome, and I gave 'ee over to Mrs. Causey, and I says "Yeu mind 'un well, Mrs. Causey," I says. And 'er says to me, "Thank'ee kindly, Mr. 'Utchings, vor bringin' o' my poor Tom 'ome. Oh lor'!" 'er says, "'twill take 'ee the best part o' teu days," her says, "vor 'ee vor sleep off this yer," 'er says.'

The policeman waxed warm and eloquent.

'Teu days vor sleep it off,' Tom Causey repeated in a hang-dog penitence; 'wass I that bad zure enough?'

'Ees fai' yeu wass, Tom,' said the policeman.

'And what date was that 'ere day?' Causey asked the question with a *dégagé* air, of which he increased the effect by sitting down as Hutchings said, 'I can tell 'ee in a minute,' and began licking his thumb to turn the pages of a big black note-book which he brought from his pocket.

To me, a boy, listening in court, all eyes and ears and admiration, there was not much meaning attached to the date when the policeman did produce it. 'November 15, Thursday.'

'An' what day wass it?' Causey asked, standing up again with a sort of not-taking-much-interest-in-what-was-going-on air about him—'what day wass it as this 'ere poachin' rascal 'it the poor young veller across the shins in Squire 'Yde's woods?' Causey addressed this question to the court generally, and, everyone in court knowing the answer as well as Causey knew it himself, half the court shouted together, 'November 15, Thursday.' And then about a quarter of the court, taking the point, went into a guffaw of broad laughter, sternly repressed.

Joshua Hutchings went out of the box, and Causey took up his parable, beginning in the tone of the penitent sinner as he addressed himself to the bench.

'I be afear'd, gen'l'men, as it be treu as I'd a-took a drop teu much—that vexed I were, as th' old 'oman 'ath a-told 'ee, vor lost

that there spud, as wass a prime favourite, an' I'd be obliged to 'e vor make order as 'e shall be give back teu me zo zoon as the court rises. Well, there 'tis—I'd a-took a drop extra-like, an', mos' unfort'nit, I come 'pon Josh 'Utchings, an' 'e, minded vor deu ees duty as a Christian man, zees me 'ome, an' th' old 'oman, 'er zays to 'un, "Well, there, 'twill take 'e teu days, an' zo 'twill, vor sleep off this yer." An' Josh, 'e wass minded zame way. So there 'tis—an' this yer young veller, what I ain't got no quarrel wi', 'e zees a veller i' the dark, zame night, i' th' old Squire 'Yde's woods, and the veller catches 'un a great crack over the shins wi' a stick, an' the stick flies out o' the 'and of 'un, an' when they come vor pick'ee up 'tis that there zame spud as I'd a-lost zame arternoon. An' wi' that 'e puts teu and teu together an' 'e makes vive out of mun, 'e does, vor 'e zays as 'twas me as wass in th' old Squire 'Yde's woods and catched 'un the crack across the shins, vor all 'twas a terrible dark night, as the young veller zaid 'eeself, zo as 'e couldn't zee at no more'n vive yards whether the veller wass catapultin' down the pheasant or 'ow 'e wass a-knockin' of 'un down, an' me the while laid by in bed, as Josh 'Utchings 'ave a-told 'e, an' not like vor be able vor rise from 'un vor teu days. So there 'tis, an' if you gen'l-men on the bench be gwine vor zay as a man what wass brought 'ome blind drunk to ees 'ouse at nine o'clock could be knockin' down of the pheasants, let alone o' the keepers, in Squire 'Yde's woods, vive mile away, avoor eleven, why, all I'm minded vor tell 'e is as you'm better informed nor what I be 'bout 'ow the drink takes a man when it's got a hold of 'un.'

Causey sat down, and the bench left the court to deliberate in private. Then Mr. Vine, landlord of the 'Ring o' Bells,' sitting two forms in front of me in court, turned round and asked in a thick whisper, 'Wasn't that there the zame evening as you come into the "Ring o' Bells" vor zee Tom 'bout buying a vitchie verret?'

'Yes,' I said, 'it was.'

'An' didn't zeem to me,' Mr. Vine went on, 'as Tom wass so var gone as all this yer, time yeu wass talking and making a bargain like.'

'That he did not, Mr. Vine,' I said. 'It seemed to take him all suddenly as soon as we got out into the street.' And then I told him how I had by no means been able to induce Causey to go down the straight and natural way by Cold Harbour Lane, but he must needs go round by the High Street and so run foul of Hutchings, going right out of his way to do it, as if his destiny had hold of

him. Then Mr. Vine, who was one of those big fat men who shake all over when they laugh, like a jelly when the servant brings it in to table, began to wobble. 'That there Tom!' he said with admiration. 'If this yer baint a proper masterpiece!'

'What do you mean, Mr. Vine?' I asked.

'Weren't no more drunk that night, Tom weren't, nor yeu nor I be, master,' and he turned back again and went on wobbling and shaking so that they had to pat him on the back to bring him to.

Presently the bench came in, after deliberation, and said that the case was one which presented points of difficulty, but that after hearing the evidence of Police Constable Hutchings it was impossible to believe that Causey could have been in Squire Hyde's woods at the time and date stated, and that the young man must have been mistaken. The finding of the spud was, no doubt, suspicious, but it might have come there as suggested by the defendant. The Chairman was proceeding to improve the occasion by pointing out to Causey the disgracefulness of drunkenness and how nearly it had brought him into trouble on this occasion, but was checked by the clerk audibly whispering to him—as on a point of law—that in the present instance it was due to being brought home drunk and incapable that Causey was able to prove an alibi and escape conviction; so the Chairman ended, rather more shortly than he had meant, with 'Oh! ah! Yes. Case dismissed. Next case.'

Causey delayed a moment to get his spud, returned by order, and came out of court cheek by jowl with the young fellow, the under-keeper, who had given evidence against him. Causey was looking at his spud carefully, to see whether it had suffered injury; then, noticing who it was beside him, and seeing the young fellow still limped: 'I wass main sorry, Bill, vor give 'e sich a clip as I did,' he said, 'but I wass main hurried-like. Vor zartain zure yeu'd a-'ad me by the throat if I 'adn't a-caught 'e a purty good clip about the legs. But I 'adn't meant vor catch 'e such a stout wan—took th' old spud clean out of my 'and it did, zo as I come purty nigh to losing of 'un. I deu owe 'e zumthing, zure enough, vor picking of 'un up, an' thank 'e kindly.'

HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

AT LARGE.¹

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON.

XI.

SHYNESS.

I HAVE no doubt that shyness is one of the old, primitive, aboriginal qualities that lurk in human nature—one of the crude elements that ought to have been uprooted by civilisation, and security, and progress, and enlightened ideals, but which have not been uprooted, and are only being slowly eliminated. It is seen, as all aboriginal qualities are seen, at its barest among children, who often reflect the youth of the world, and are like little wild animals or infant savages, in spite of all the frenzied idealisation that childhood receives from well-dressed and amiable people.

Shyness is thus like those little bits of woods and copses which one finds in a country-side that has long been subdued and replenished, turned into arable land and pasture, with all the wildness and the irregularity ploughed and combed out of it; but still one comes upon some piece of dingle, where there is perhaps an awkward tilt in the ground, or some ancient excavation, or where a stream-head has cut out a steep channel, and there one finds a scrap of the old forest, a rood or two that has never been anything but woodland. So with shyness; many of our old, savage qualities have been smoothed out, or glazed over, by education and inheritance, and only emerge in moments of passion and emotion. But shyness is no doubt the old suspicion of the stranger, the belief that his motives are likely to be predatory and sinister; it is the tendency to bob the head down into the brushwood, or to sneak behind the tree-hole on his approach. One sees a little child, washed and brushed and delicately apparelled, with silken locks and clear complexion, brought into a drawing-room to be admired; one sees the terror come upon her; she knows by experience that she has nothing to expect but attention, and admiration, and petting; but you will see her suddenly cover her face with a tiny

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hand, relapse into dismal silence, even burst into tears and refuse to be comforted, till she is safely entrenched upon some familiar knee.

I have a breezy, boisterous, cheerful friend, of transparent simplicity and goodness, who has never known the least touch of shyness from his cradle, who always says, if the subject is introduced, that shyness is all mere self-consciousness, and that it comes from thinking about oneself. That is true, in a limited degree; but the diagnosis is no remedy for the disease, because shyness is as much a disease as a cold in the head, and no amount of effort can prevent the attacks of the complaint; the only remedy is either to avoid the occasions of the attacks—and that is impossible, unless one is to abjure the society of other people for good and all;—or else to practise resolutely the hardening process of frequenting society, until one gets a sort of courage out of familiarity. Yet even so, who that has ever really suffered from shyness does not feel his heart sink as he drives up in a brougham to the door of some strange house, and sees a grave butler advancing out of an unknown corridor, with figures flitting to and fro in the background; what shy person is there who at such a moment would not give a considerable sum to be able to go back to the station and take the first train home? Or who again, as he gives his name to a servant in some brightly lighted hall, and advances, with a hurried glance at his toilet, into a roomful of well-dressed people, buzzing with what Rossetti calls a 'din of doubtful talk,' would not prefer to sink into the earth like Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, and be reckoned no more among the living?

It is recorded in Tennyson's *Life* that he used to recommend to a younger brother the thought of the stellar spaces, swarming with constellations and traversed by planets at ineffable distances, as a cure for shyness; and a lady of my acquaintance used to endeavour as a girl to stay her failing heart on the thought of Eternity at such moments. It is all in vain; at the urgent moment one cares very little about the stellar motions, or the dim vistas of futurity, and very much indeed about the cut of one's coat, and the appearance of one's collar, and the glances of one's enemies; the doctrines of the Church, and the prospects of ultimate salvation, are things very light in the scales in comparison with the pressing necessities of the crisis, and the desperate need to appear wholly unconcerned!

The wild and fierce shyness of childhood is superseded in most

sensitive people, as life goes on, by a very different feeling—the shyness of adolescence, of which the essence, as has been well said, is ‘a shamefaced pride.’ The shyness of early youth is a thing which springs from an intense desire to delight, and impress, and interest other people, from wanting to play a far larger and brighter part in the lives of everyone else than anyone in the world plays in anyone else’s life. Who does not recognise, with a feeling that is half contempt and half compassion, the sight of the eager pretentiousness of youth, the intense shame of confessing ignorance on any point, the deep desire to appear to have a stake in the world, and a well-defined, respected position? I met the other day a young man, of no particular force or distinction, who was standing in a corner at a big social gathering, bursting with terror and importance combined. He was inspired, I would fain believe, by discerning a vague benevolence in my air and demeanour, to fix his attention on me. He had been staying at a house where there had been some important guests, and by some incredibly rapid transition of eloquence he was saying to me in a minute or two, ‘The Commander-in-Chief said to me the other day,’ and ‘The Archbishop pointed out to me a few days ago,’ giving, as personal confidences, scraps of conversation which he had no doubt overheard as an unwelcome adjunct to a crowded smoking-room, with the busy and genial elders wondering when the boys would have the grace to go to bed. My heart bled for him as I saw the reflection of my own pushing and pretentious youth, and I only desired that the curse should not fall upon him which has so often fallen upon myself, to recall ineffaceably, with a blush that still mantles my cheek in the silence and seclusion of my bedroom, in a wakeful hour, the thought of some such piece of transparent and ridiculous self-importance, shamefully uttered by myself, in a transport of ambitious vanity, long years ago. How out of proportion to the offence is the avenging phantom of memory which dogs one through the years for such stupidities! I remember that as a youthful undergraduate I went to stay in the house of an old family friend in the neighbourhood of Cambridge. The only other male guest was a grim and crusty don, sharp and trenchant in speech, and with a determination to keep young men in their place. At Cambridge he would have taken no notice whatever of me; but there, on alien ground, with some lurking impulse of far-off civility, he said to me when the ladies retired, ‘I am going to have a cigar; you know your way to the smoking-room?’ I did

not myself smoke in those days, so foolish was I and innocent; but recalling, I suppose, some similar remark made by an elderly and genial non-smoker under the same circumstances, I said pompously—I can hardly bring myself even now to write the words—‘I don’t smoke, but I will come and sit with you for the pleasure of a talk.’ He gave a derisive snort, looked at me and said, ‘What! not allowed to smoke yet? Pray don’t trouble to come on my account.’ It was not a genial speech, and it made me feel, as it was intended to do, insupportably silly. I did not make matters better, I recollect, on the following day, when on returning to Cambridge I offered to carry his bag up from the station, for he insisted on walking. He refused testily, and no doubt thought me, as in fact I was, a very spiritless young man.

I remember too another incident of the same kind, happening about the same time. I was invited by a fellow-undergraduate to come to tea in his rooms, and to meet his people. After tea, in the lightness of his heart, my friend performed some singular antics, such as standing on his head like a clown, and falling over the back of his sofa, alighting on his feet. I, who would not have executed such gambols for the world in the presence of the fairer sex, but anxious in an elderly way to express my sympathy with the performer, said, with what was meant to be a polite admiration: ‘I can’t think how you do that!’ Upon which a shrewd and trenchant maiden-aunt who was present, and was delighting in the exuberance of her nephew, said to me briskly, ‘Mr. Benson, have you never been young?’ I should be ashamed to say how often since I have arranged a neat repartee to that annoying question. At the same time I think that the behaviour both of the don and the aunt was distinctly unjust and unadvisable. I am sure that the one way to train young people out of the miseries of shyness is for older people never to snub them in public, or make them appear in the light of a fool. Such snubs fall plentifully and naturally from contemporaries. An elder person is quite within his rights in inflicting a grave and serious remonstrance in private. I do not believe that young people ever resent that, if at the same time they are allowed to defend themselves and state their case. But a merciless elder who inflicts a public mortification is terribly unassailable and impregnable. For the shy person, who is desperately anxious to bear a sympathetic part, is quite incapable of retort; and that is why such assaults are unpardonable, because they are the merest bullying.

The nicest people that I have known in life have been the people of kindly and sensible natures, who have been thoroughly spoilt as children, encouraged to talk, led to expect, not only toleration, but active kindness and sympathy from all. The worst of it is that such kindness is generally reserved for pretty and engaging children, and it is the awkward, unpleasing, ungainly child who gets the slaps in public. But as in Tennyson-Turner's pretty poem of 'Letty's Globe,' a child's hand should be 'welcome at all frontiers.' Only deliberate rudeness and insolence on the part of children should be publicly rebuked; and as a matter of fact both rudeness and insolence are far oftener the result of shyness than is easily supposed.

After the shyness of adolescence there often follows a further stage. The shy person has learnt a certain wisdom; he becomes aware how easily he detects pretentiousness in other people, and realises that there is nothing to be gained by claiming a width of experience which he does not possess, and that the being unmasked is even more painful than feeling deficient and ill-equipped. Then too he learns to suspect that when he has tried to be impressive, he has often only succeeded in being griggish; and the result is that he falls into a kind of speechlessness, comforting himself, as he sits mute and awkward, unduly elongated, and with unaccountable projections of limb and feature, that if only other people were a little less self-absorbed, had the gift of perceiving hidden worth and real character, and could pierce a little below the surface, they would realise what reserves of force and tenderness lay beneath the heavy shapelessness of which he is still conscious. Then is the time for the shy person to apply himself to social gymnastics. He is not required to be voluble; but if he will practise bearing a hand, seeing what other people need and like, carrying on their line of thought, constructing small conversational bridges, asking the right questions, perhaps simulating an interest in the pursuits of others which he does not naturally feel, he may unloose the burden from his back. Then is the time to practise a sympathetic smile, or better still to allow oneself to indicate and even express the sympathy one feels; and the experimentalist will soon become aware how welcome such unobtrusive sympathy is. He will be amazed at first to find that, instead of being tolerated, he will be confided in; he will be regarded as a pleasant adjunct to a party, and he will soon have the even pleasanter experience of finding that his own opinions and adventures, if they are not used

to cap and surpass the opinions and adventures of others, but to elicit them, will be duly valued. Yet, alas, a good many shy people never reach that stage, but take refuge in a critical and fastidious attitude. I had an elderly relative of this kind—who does not know the type?—who was a man of wide interests and accurate information, but a perfect terror in the domestic circle. He was too shy to mingle in general talk, but sat with an air of acute observation, with a dry smile playing over his face; later on, when the circle diminished, it pleased him to retail the incautious statements made by various members of the party, and correct them with much acerbity. There are few things more terrific than a man who is both speechless and distinguished. I have known several such, and their presence lies like a blight over the most cheerful party. It is unhappily often the case that shyness is apt to exist side by side with considerable ability, and a shy man of this type regards distinction as a kind of defensive armour, which may justify him in applying to others the contempt which he has himself been conscious of incurring. One of the most disagreeable men I know is a man of great ability, who was bullied in his youth. The result upon him has been that he tends to believe that most people are inspired by a vague malevolence, and he uses his ability and his memory, not to add to the pleasure of a party, but to make his own power felt. I have seen this particular man pass from an ungainly speechlessness into brutal onslaughts on inoffensive persons; and it is one of the most unpleasant transformations in the world. On the other hand, the modest and amiable man of distinction is one of the most agreeable figures it is possible to encounter. He is kind and deferential, and the indulgent deference of a distinguished man is worth its weight in gold.

I was lately told a delightful story of a great statesman staying with a humble and anxious host, who had invited a party of simple and unimportant people to meet the great man. The statesman came in late for dinner, and was introduced to the party; he made a series of old-fashioned bows in all directions, but no one felt in a position to offer any observations. The great man, at the conclusion of the ceremony, turned to his host, and said, in tones that had often thrilled a listening senate: 'What very convenient jugs you have in your bedrooms! They pour well!' The social frost broke up; the company were delighted to find that the great man was interested in mundane matters of a kind on which everyone

might be permitted to have an opinion, and the conversation, starting from the humblest conveniences of daily life, melted insensibly into more liberal subjects. The fact is that, in ordinary life, kindness and simplicity are valued far more than brilliance; and the best brilliance is that which throws a novel and lambent light upon ordinary topics, rather than the brilliance which disports itself in unfamiliar and exalted regions. The hero only ceases to be a hero to his valet if he is too lofty-minded to enter into the workings of his valet's mind, and cannot duly appraise the quality of his services.

And then, too, to go back a little, there are certain defects, after all, which are appropriate at different times of life. A certain degree of shyness and even awkwardness is not at all a disagreeable thing—indeed it is rather a desirable quality—in the young. A perfectly self-possessed and voluble young man arouses in one a vague sense of hostility, unless it is accompanied by great modesty and ingenuousness. The artless prattler, who, in his teens, has an opinion on all subjects, and considers that opinion worth expressing, is pleasant enough, and saves one some embarrassment; but such people, alas, too often degenerate into the bores of later life. If a man's opinion is eventually going to be worth anything, he ought, I think, to pass through a tumultuous and even prickly stage, when he believes that he has an opinion, but cannot find the *aplomb* to formulate it. He ought to be feeling his way, to be in a vague condition of revolt against what is conventional. This is likely to be true not only in his dealings with his elders, but also in his dealings with his contemporaries. Young people are apt to regard a youthful *doctrinaire*, who has an opinion on everything, with sincere abhorrence. He bores them, and to the young boredom is not a condition of passive suffering, it is an acute form of torture. Moreover, the stock of opinions which a young man holds are apt to be parrot-cries repeated without any coherence from talks overheard and books skimmed. But in a modest and ingenuous youth, filled to the brim with eager interest and alert curiosity, a certain deference is an adorable thing, one of the most delicate of graces; and it is a delightful task for an older person, who feels the sense of youthful charm, to melt stiffness away by kindly irony and gentle provocation, as Socrates did with his sweet-natured and modest boy-friends so many centuries ago.

The *aplomb* of the young generally means complacency; but

one who is young and shy, and yet has the grace to think about the convenience and pleasure of others, can be the most perfect companion in the world. One has then a sense of the brave and unsophisticated freshness of youth, that believes all things and hopes all things, the bloom of which has not been rubbed away by the rough touch of the world. It is only when that shyness is prolonged beyond the appropriate years, when it leaves a well-grown and hard-featured man gasping and incoherent, jerky and ungracious, that it is a painful and disconcerting deformity. The only real shadow of early shyness is the quite disproportionate amount of unhappiness that conscious *gaucherie* brings with it. Two incidents connected with a ceremony most fruitful in nervousness come back to my mind.

When I was an Eton boy, I was staying with a country squire, a most courteous old gentleman with a high temper. The first morning, I contrived to come down a minute or two late for prayers. There was no chair for me. The Squire suspended his reading of the Bible with a deadly sort of resignation, and made a gesture to the portly butler. That functionary rose from his own chair, and, with loudly creaking boots, carried it across the room for my acceptance. I sat down, covered with confusion. The butler returned; and two footmen, who were sitting on a little form, made reluctant room for him. The butler sat down on one end of the form, unfortunately before his equipoise, the second footman, had taken his place at the other end. The result was that the form tipped up, and a cataract of flunkeys poured down upon the floor. There was a ghastly silence; then the Gadarene herd slowly recovered itself, and resumed its place. The Squire read the chapter in an accent of suppressed fury, while the remainder of the party, with handkerchiefs pressed to their faces, made the most unaccountable sounds and motions for the rest of the proceeding. I was really comparatively guiltless, but the shadow of that horrid event sensibly clouded the whole of my visit.

I was only a spectator of the other event. We had assembled for prayers in the dimly lighted hall of the house of a church dignitary, and the chapter had begun, when a man of almost murderous shyness, who was a guest, opened his bedroom door and came down the stairs. Our host suspended his reading. The unhappy man came down, but, instead of slinking to his place, went and stood in front of the fire, under the impression that the proceedings had not taken shape, and addressed some remarks upon the weather

to his hostess. In the middle of one of his sentences, he suddenly divined the situation, on seeing the row of servants sitting in a thievish corner of the hall. He took his seat with the air of a man driving to the guillotine, and I do not think I ever saw anyone so much upset as he was for the remainder of his stay. Of course it may be said that a sense of humour should have saved a man from such a collapse of moral force, but a sense of humour requires to be very strong to save a man from the sense of having made a conspicuous fool of himself.

I would add one more small reminiscence, of an event from which I can hardly say with honesty that I have yet quite recovered, though it took place nearly thirty years ago. I went, as a school-boy, with my parents, to stay at a very big country house, the kind of place to which I was little used, where the advent of a stately footman to take away my clothes in the morning used to fill me with misery. The first evening there was a big dinner-party. I found myself sitting next my delightful and kindly hostess, my father being on the other side of her. All went well till dessert, when an amiable, long-haired spaniel came to my side to beg of me. I had nothing but grapes on my plate, and, purely out of compliment, I offered him one. He at once took it in his mouth and hurried to a fine white fur rug in front of the hearth, where he indulged in some unaccountable convulsions, rolling himself about and growling in an ecstasy of delight. My host, an irascible man, looked round, and then said: 'Who the devil has given that dog a grape?' He added to my father, by way of explanation, 'The fact is that if he can get hold of a grape, he rolls it on that rug, and it is no end of a nuisance to get the stain out.' I sat crimson with guilt, and was just about to falter out a confession, when my hostess looked up, and, seeing what had happened, said, 'It was me, Frank;—I forgot for the moment what I was doing.' My gratitude for this angelic intervention was so great that I had not even the gallantry to own up, and could only repay my protectress with an intense and lasting devotion. I have no doubt that she explained matters afterwards to our host; and I contrived to murmur my thanks later in the evening. But the shock had been a terrible one, and taught me not only wisdom, but the Christian duty of intervening, if I could, to save the shy from their sins and sufferings.

Taught by the Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

But the consideration that emerges from these reminiscences is the somewhat bewildering one, that shyness is a thing which seems to be punished, both by immediate discomfort and by subsequent fantastic remorse, far more heavily than infinitely more serious moral lapses. The repentance that follows sin can hardly be more poignant than the agonising sense of guilt which steals over the waking consciousness, on the morning that follows some such social lapse. In fact it must be confessed that most of us dislike feeling fools far more than we dislike feeling knaves; so that one wonders whether one does not dread the ridicule and disapproval of society more than one dreads the sense of a lapse from morality; the philosophical outcome of which would seem to be that the verdict of society upon our actions is at the base of morality. We may feel assured that the result of moral lapses will ultimately be that we shall have to face the wrath of our Creator; but one hopes that side by side with justice will be found a merciful allowance for the force of temptation. But the final judgment is in any case not imminent, while the result of a social lapse is that we have to continue to face a disapproving and even a contemptuous circle, who will remember our failure with malicious pleasure, and whose sense of justice will not be tempered by any appreciable degree of mercy. Here again is a discouraging circumstance, that when we call to mind some similarly compromising and grotesque adventure in the life of one of our friends, in spite of the fact that we well know the distress that the incident must have caused him, we still continue to hug, and even to repeat, our recollection of the incident, with a rich sense of joy. Is it that we do not really desire the peace and joy of others? It would seem so. How many of us are not conscious of feeling extremely friendly and helpful when our friend is in sorrow, or difficulty, or discredit, and yet of having no taste for standing by and applauding when our friend is joyful and successful! There is nothing, it seems, that we can render to our friend in the latter case, except the praise of which he has already had enough!

It seems that the process of anatomising the nature and philosophy of shyness only ends in stripping off, one by one, as from an onion, the decent integuments of the human spirit, and revealing it every moment more and more in its native rankness. Let me forbear, consoling myself with the thought that the qualities of human beings are not meant to be taken up one by one, like coins from a tray, and scrutinised; but that it is the general effect, the

blending, the grouping, the hue, the mellowed surface, the warped line. I was only yesterday in an old church, where I saw an ancient font-cover—a sort of carved extinguisher—and some dark panels of a rood-screen. They had been, both cover and panels, coarsely and brightly painted and gilt; and, horrible to reflect, it flashed upon me that they must have once been both glaring and vulgar. Yet to-day the dim richness of the effect, the dints, the scaling-off of the flakes, the fading of the pigment, the dulling of the gold, was incomparable; and I began to wonder if perhaps that was not what happened to us in life; and that though we foolishly regretted the tarnishing of the bright surfaces of soul and body with our passions and tempers and awkwardnesses and feeblenesses, yet perhaps it was, after all, that we were taking on an unsuspected beauty, and making ourselves fit, some far-off day, for the Communion of Saints!

CATHERINE'S CHILD.

BY MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE.

CHAPTER X.

THE Adelstanes' house in Belgrave Square had been newly painted in the spring, and consequently presented a clean white front to the passers-by, and was further ornamented by window-boxes and hanging baskets of pink ivy geraniums and gay awnings of striped red and white canvas.

The green leaves fluttering across the black trunks of the trees in the Square were still fresh and bright, and afforded an agreeable shade to Philippa when she walked round and round the gravel paths in the morning, with Roper, to exercise Augusta's French pug.

Lady Adelstane had taken great pleasure, the day after her arrival in town, in driving her young cousin round to various dressmakers, tailors, and milliners, and ordering clothes and hats for her; which she did with the more liberality since it was quite understood that the bills were to be sent in to Catherine.

The subsequent fittings rendered necessary by these orders, however, Augusta had neither leisure nor inclination to attend; so, since Roper was too inexperienced a Londoner to be of much use, she was obliged to send her own maid with Philippa, and highly inconvenient she presently found such obligation to be.

'It gives her an excuse, you see, to be out whenever I want her,' she lamented to Lady Grace; 'besides which it turns out that Roper does not know her way about London at all. I cannot think what possessed Catherine to send such a fool. Philippa must walk out with somebody. I cannot have her with me for ever, you know, and she finds it tedious to go out in the Square.'

'She is a very pretty girl; I had no idea she was so handsome. You have dressed her quite charmingly,' said Lady Grace. 'It is extraordinary what a difference *clothes* make. I admire her although she does not like me. It amuses me to see her draw her brows together whenever I appear.'

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'The fact is, she is jealous of you,' said Augusta, with great complacency. 'She cannot bear anybody to speak to me but herself. It is really embarrassing at times, for you know one can talk of next to nothing before a girl of that age.' Augusta was uneasily conscious that Philippa's great blue eyes had been fixed wonderingly upon her already during many a pleasant chat with an acquaintance. 'I wish Cecil were in town to take her off my hands, instead of dawdling away his time over imaginary business at Welwysbere. He could take her to see the sights. Imagine, she wanted to go to the Hippodrome! She is mad about performing monkeys and things of that sort, and there I had to send her—she is very insistent—with Holland and her own old dunderhead of a maid, whom I am positively afraid to send about with her. And I was going to one of that delightful German's lectures with Florrie Brooke, where I could not possibly take her, you know, as Florrie wasn't even sure what it was about.'

'And what was it about?'

'I forget now—it was the day before yesterday. But it was a great take-in. Quite dull and humdrum. Nothing *risqué* at all. However, everyone was there.'

'So I heard.'

'I have taken Philippa twice to the Opera, but she hates music, and got a headache from the bad air, and looked like a ghost next day. Really girls are very tiresome things. And now she has taken it into her head that she mustn't go to the Lundys' because she promised her mother she wouldn't go to dances. I do think it very odd of Catherine to exact such promises from her when she is under my wing. She ought to have trusted to me. I said I wouldn't take her to dances. Of course I didn't mean childish things like the Lundys,' added Augusta, hastily. 'The fact is, Philippa is too old and too young. I can't send her to bed when I dine out, and I can't take her with me; so there she sits by herself, with nothing to do, making me feel as though I were neglecting her.'

'She ought to have a governess,' said Lady Grace, sympathetically. 'After all, one really only begins one's education at sixteen.'

'Her mother has always taught her herself, so absurdly out of date, though I must say she speaks French very well,' said Augusta, discontentedly. 'Of course, Catherine was brought up in France, so there is nothing in that.'

'It's no credit to her then,' said Lady Grace, with a twinkle.

'Not in the least. But the tiresome thing is, I stipulated she was to have holidays here, not dreaming what a bore they would be. Still, I might get a companion,' she said, brightening up. 'I have often thought of having one myself. They write letters and do tiresome things for one. It would be a very good idea, Grace. I will see about it immediately. It would be delightful for Philippa, and convenient for me.'

Augusta generally acted on impulse, and carried out her caprices without giving herself time for reflection—a habit which enabled her to believe herself a remarkably prompt and practical person.

On the very afternoon of her conversation with Grace Trumoin she drove to a foreign registry office, and engaged a middle-aged Frenchwoman who happened to be personally known to the proprietor of the establishment, and to be possessed of the highest personal references from her last situation.

Augusta was enchanted by her good luck when she interviewed this lady, and found her not only presentable and well mannered, but willing to enter upon her duties immediately.

It was settled that she should come on the morrow, and Augusta looked forward with some apprehension to breaking the news to Philippa.

A constant stream of visitors from five to seven made it impossible for her to have any private conversation with her young guest during the remainder of the afternoon; though Philippa was present in the drawing-room during these hours, embarrassing her cousin by her constant attention to the conversation, and habit of abruptly stating the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, whenever a question was by any chance addressed to herself.

'She is very *farouche*,' sighed Lady Adelstane across the low tea-table to Lady Kentisbury, whom she had invited, as she told Grace, entirely for Philippa's sake, since she had no personal inclination towards dowdy women given to good works. 'She is *farouche*, but such a dear! And she leads such a dull life in the depths of Devon, and her mother never stirs from home. I do want her to have a good time while she is with me, but I haven't an idea how to begin. Do advise me. I know less than nothing about girls.'

'Surely, she ought to be in the schoolroom,' said Lady Kentisbury, looking at Philippa with a maternal expression, and shaking her head.

'Of course she *ought* ; but she is being brought up so oddly,' said Augusta, apologetically, 'that really ordinary rules don't apply to her. Her mother has educated her entirely herself, so of course she is more advanced than girls who are left to governesses and people. But she has seen nothing of girls and boys of her own age. I assure you Catherine has guarded her like a dragon.'

'So I have heard,' said Lady Kentisbury. 'Lady Sarah tells me that she has devoted her whole life to her child. How charming that is!'

'I am sure you have done the same,' said Augusta, vague but complimentary. 'And I do hope you will let her see something of your young people while she is with me.'

Lady Kentisbury was nothing loth, and, in fact, agreed to the proposal very warmly, and invited Philippa to luncheon on the very next day, for Lady Sarah Adelstane, who was her great-aunt by marriage, had, with her customary promptness, been beforehand with Augusta, and hinted that her grand-niece might search the United Kingdom in vain for a more suitable daughter-in-law than Philippa.

'Her mother is a saint,' the old lady had remarked, 'and the girl has never been out of her sight day or night. She is as innocent as a baby, and as pretty as a picture. Of course you will say it is odd she should be trusted to Augusta. But the fact is that was my doing. I over-persuaded her mother. Girls with Philippa's looks and Philippa's expectations don't grow on every gooseberry bush in the country you know, and hobbledehos do ; and I had no idea of her being snapped up by the parson's son or some one of that kind. Not that the parson at Welwysbere *has* a son, but the principle is the same. One never knows. The women of our family ripen early, and she will marry young or not at all. I know the breed, my love, very well. So I persuaded her mother to send her here. But between you and me, my love, Augusta is the last person in Europe I would have entrusted her to, if I were not so very sure of the girl herself. She has been over-mothered and a trifle spoilt, but she has the very highest principles, and all the strength of mind which so many young men seem to lack nowadays,' said Lady Sarah, significantly.

'They do, indeed,' said Lady Kentisbury, with a sigh. There was no need for explanation. Both ladies were aware of the possibility of inherited tendencies in the young Marquis, which rendered it highly desirable that his wife should be a person of

principle and character. 'It would be very charming, dear Aunt Sarah, but of course it could not be at once, as she is so young. However, an engagement steadies a boy more than anything in the world.'

'Why should it not be at once?' said Lady Sarah, impatiently. 'People always put off that sort of thing until the day after the fair. Do but think of the daughter-in-law my nephew Rye presented to my poor sister Maria the day he came of age. As I told her, I blamed her own shortsightedness. She should have found him a suitable wife, tied him up young, and seen that he had a legitimate heir. After that young people must please themselves. One has put them in the right way, you know, and done one's duty by the family, and one can't dry-nurse them for ever. The rest depends on the wife. Philippa is her father's daughter. I don't know that I need say much more than that,' said Lady Sarah, and a genuine tear shone in her blue eyes, which were still bright, though set in a network of wrinkles beneath snow-white hair.

'No, indeed,' said Lady Kentisbury, warmly. 'I always looked up to him as the most nearly perfect human being I ever met.'

'He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again,'

said Lady Sarah, and the tears gave place to a smile. 'My love, I must be growing old at last, since I have taken to quoting Shakespeare. However, my poor Philip was not so much a man as a rock; and, now I come to think of it, rocks are apt to be heavy, though very solid to lean against. Philippa is solid and heavy.'

'Heavy!' said Lady Kentisbury, alarmed. 'If she is not amusing, I am afraid Charlie will never——'

'My dear Jane, wait till he sees her. A boy of that age finds a pretty girl amusing when she says "How do you do?" And, for heaven's sake, rescue her from Augusta as often as you can!'

'Lady Adelstane has asked me to tea,' said Lady Kentisbury.

'*Déjà*,' said Lady Sarah, with a laugh.

Philippa was very much pleased to accept Lady Kentisbury's invitation to luncheon, after a dutiful reference to her cousin for permission, which bored Augusta and pleased her would-be hostess.

'My daughter is a year or two older than you are, but not nearly so tall,' she said graciously to her young relative. 'She came out last year.'

'I wish I were out,' said Philippa, with a sigh.

'Are you so fond of gaiety?'

'I don't know,' said Philippa, bluntly. 'I have not tried. But I should like to go everywhere with Cousin Augusta very much indeed, and I am obliged to stay at home by myself because I am not out, so the evenings are very dull, as I do not care for reading. And it is very tiresome always walking with a maid.'

'We must try and get up some boy and girl parties for you,' said Lady Kentisbury, sympathetically.

'My mother made me promise not to go to a dance,' said Philippa, discontentedly.

'Are you not going to the Lundys'? I understood you were to go.'

'I can't. I promised mummie I wouldn't. I have told Cousin Augusta,' said Philippa, and her face assumed an obstinate expression that brought out her resemblance to Sir Cecil with odd emphasis.

Lady Kentisbury departed with the conviction that Lady Sarah had correctly described her granddaughter as high principled; she was naturally unaware of the impatient rebelliousness underlying Philippa's faithful adherence to her mother's command, or of the indignant remonstrances she had addressed to Catherine on the subject.

Philippa was depressed, in spite of the pleasure which Lady Kentisbury's invitation caused her.

She was already beginning, as Lady Sarah had foreseen, to be disillusioned concerning her adored cousin, and to turn the severe gaze of her observant youth—now diverted from her parent—in the direction of Augusta. There were many points concerning Augusta which were ill adapted to sustain such an inspection.

It was scarcely to be wondered at that her hostess was becoming almost nervous in the presence of this tall, severe young vestal, who looked her through and through with grave blue eyes, and faithfully corrected her when she detected her in the slightest inaccuracy.

'Really she is worse than Cecil,' thought Augusta, peevishly; but she could not help discovering that Philippa was a great deal more clear-sighted than the solemn, handsome gentleman whom she so nearly resembled.

Augusta's oldest friend and most constant adorer, Major Cymbert, was the last of her callers to leave, and as he stayed late

and she was dining out early, she had to hasten to her room to dress the instant he departed. Thither, as usual, she felt obliged to invite Philippa to accompany her, though the presence of a child of sixteen may be sometimes embarrassing at the toilet of a lady of forty bent upon making the most of herself; and Augusta was often hard put to it for excuses to get rid of Philippa whilst she administered the finishing touches to the picture she saw reflected in her mirror. But the custom had begun at the Abbey, where her young cousin's innocent admiration of her charms had flattered Augusta's vanity; and it was not easy to abandon it now she had tired of its continuance without disappointing and offending her worshipper, who was of a somewhat exacting disposition, and accustomed, besides, to getting her own way.

'It is quite a comfort to me, darling,' said Augusta, submitting to the removal of the larger portion of her golden *coiffure* by the dexterous hands of her maid, and contemplating herself without it in the Dresden mirror, with perfect calm and satisfaction, 'a real *relief*—that I shall not be obliged to leave you alone in the evenings any longer.'

She reflected that this was an excellent way to break the news of the engagement of a companion, to Holland, as well as to Philippa.

Neither could very well express before the other any disapproval of her arrangements.

'Aren't you going out any more? Are you going to stay at home, for my sake!' cried Philippa, with the incredulous joy of reviving faith; and Holland raised surprised eyes and looked at her mistress in the glass; her mind was filled with the suspicions begotten of experience.

'My dear! How could I throw over my engagements? Unless I were ill, or having an operation, or something of that kind,' said Augusta, reprovingly. 'I, who make a point of never disappointing anybody. It is part of my creed. I am one of those people who can always be depended upon. No, but a most charming French lady is coming, who will take you out, and sit with you whenever I am engaged elsewhere, you know; and as you speak French so well, you are certain to get on capitally. For my own sake I should have preferred a German. I speak German and French and Italian much about the same,' said Augusta, truthfully. 'But, however, thinking of you, I resolved to engage a French woman.'

'To engage—do you mean I am to have a governess?' demanded Philippa, starting to her feet indignantly.

'My dear Philippa,' said Augusta plaintively, 'pray do not spring up like that, you quite startled me. Certainly not a governess—you forget I promised you should do no lessons while you were with me. Against my better judgment I own, but still, to me, a promise is a very sacred thing.'

'But, Cousin Augusta, you said——'

'Holland, you are pulling my hair,' said Augusta, 'and by the by, I wish you would tell Mrs. Joliffe that the room next to Miss Philippa's must be got ready for Mme. Minart. Or I could see her myself for one moment when I am dressed. Yes? Forgive me for interrupting you, Philippa. As I was saying, I have put off and put off getting a companion for myself, and now at last I have found a suitable person. These things take time and thought. She will write my notes, you know, and do a hundred things besides. I am so terribly overworked. And it will be company for you in the evening.'

Philippa made no answer. Her heart swelled with astonishment and resentment, but her pride prevented any utterance of the reproaches which rose to her lips.

She, who had moved heaven and earth, and sacrificed even her own mother to her devoted affection for her friend—for in this light did her desire to visit Augusta present itself to Philippa—to be calmly relegated to the society of a hired companion, while Cousin Augusta continued to pursue her frivolous course, without troubling to entertain the girl whom she had declared she looked upon as her own child.

Philippa realised, with almost incredulous wrath, that she had never in her life been treated with so little consideration. Her first impulse was to announce her intention of immediately returning home, or, as she put it to herself, of quitting Augusta's roof for ever. But an uncomfortable conviction, in the background of her thoughts, that such a course of action would be rather punishing herself than her inconsiderate friend, caused her to hesitate; and while she hesitated Augusta calmly rippled on, assuring her of the benefits she would derive from Mme. Minart's companionship, and praising the qualities of this paragon, as revealed to her during an interview of rather less than ten minutes' duration. Her enthusiastic remarks passed unheeded over Philippa's bent head, and caused Holland's lip to curl with contempt.

'We shall hear a different tale this time next year, and probably sooner,' thought the maid to herself, for Lady Adelstane changed

her domestics frequently, and they were all treasures when they first arrived, though they developed with strange unanimity into monsters before they were sent away.

'Perhaps, Philippa, dearest, you will go downstairs, and ring, and desire that Mrs. Joliffe should be sent up here to me at once,' said Augusta, prudently ignoring the lowering expression of the handsome young face. 'I shall certainly be late if I go on chattering like this, and when you are here I find myself talking all the time. It is such a pleasure to me, in my lonely life, to find a sympathetic listener. I don't know what I shall do when you are gone, darling.'

'You will have Mme. Minart,' said Philippa, unable to resist this curt expression of her resentment. 'I will go and do what you ask, Cousin Augusta,' and with the mien of an offended queen she marched out of the room.

'How ungrateful girls are!' complained Augusta, snatching this opportunity to improve the exquisite complexion which Nature had already bestowed upon her. 'Naturally, I only engaged this person for Miss Philippa's sake, and for *yours*, Holland. You have been very good about it, but of course it's not your work to be always taking her about.'

'It's very kind of you to think of me, my lady, I'm sure,' said Holland, with a hint of satire in her tone; which plainly conveyed to her mistress that she was not impressed by this sudden display of consideration.

'Holland is a most unpleasant creature,' reflected Augusta; 'I shall certainly get rid of her before long. I hate a person with a nasty dry manner like hers. It's very unfortunate she should be such a good maid and such an industrious needlewoman. All good maids are disagreeable.'

Augusta departed for her dinner-party in a less amiable frame of mind than usual; but the dinner proving unexceptionable and the company pleasant, she presently forgot her troubles, and recovered her customary good spirits and satisfaction with herself and her surroundings.

Philippa maintained her attitude of proud composure throughout the solitary meal which was served to her in the great dining-room, where her cousin's tall and solemn servants punctiliously waited upon her.

But clear soup, roast quail and iced asparagus could not assuage

her wounded feelings, and even the giant strawberries from Welwysbere were only enjoyed mechanically.

She was glad to find herself alone in the drawing-room upstairs, seated beside the open window in the pleasant summer twilight. Here she could look out into the Square and indulge her feelings unseen.

Her little cambric handkerchief was presently wet with tears, for her disappointment and grief, though childish, were very real.

She went over and over again, in memory, through the fond phrases and flattering assurances which Augusta had heaped upon her a few weeks since, in response to her own sincere admiration.

'If I had not thought she really loved me, and liked to talk to me—that she was really going to be, as she promised, my greatest friend in all the world,' sobbed Philippa to herself, 'I do not think that *only* the pleasure of coming to London and being fashionable and seeing things would have tempted me. I don't *think* so. Of course I know mamma believes it was only because I wanted gaiety and change and all that, but I know it wasn't—only I couldn't tell her how I long sometimes for a real companion and friend, to whom I could tell everything without getting everlasting good advice in return. Poor mamma, I don't mean that. Of course it's her duty to be always lecturing, and I know I'm careless, and all that.'

Philippa was sobbing out her complaint half aloud in the darkness, but the room was empty and there was no one to hear.

'If I went home now, they would all *feel* "I told you so,"' though they wouldn't say it. 'I won't go home, I will see it through; only I can never, never feel the same to Augusta again. It is the climax. These long lonely evenings have been bad enough, but to have a stranger thrust upon me—I wish Cousin Cecil would come back. She pretends he is selfish, but I know better now. It is she who is selfish, and who doesn't speak the truth, and who—oh, to think I am saying such things about *her* of all people in the world!' and Philippa was obliged to admit to herself that her admiration of Augusta had declined almost as swiftly as it had arisen.

'But it is not *I* that am changeable, it is not, it is *not*,' she thought miserably. 'I could almost wish it were. It is she who is unworthy, and who has failed me; I won't show her my feelings though.' Here she was forced to swallow an uneasy suspicion that Augusta would not greatly mind if she did. 'I will go through

to the end. But all my pleasure in London is gone now ; no matter where I go, or who I meet, I shall never, never be the same again.'

CHAPTER XI.

MRS. RALT, to the astonishment of her husband, now installed herself in one of the most luxurious hotels in London, and suddenly announced her intention of passing the remainder of the season there.

'But you hate London,' said Mr. Ralt, as though afraid she must be mistaking her own wishes.

'So I do.'

'You said you would never come up for the season again.'

'So I did.'

'And yet you have come.'

'So I have,' said Mrs. Ralt, and her small eyes twinkled merrily. 'My dear old man, we must sometimes put ourselves about for other people. When I've taken a thing in hand I like to see it through, and in this case seeing it through means a short stay in the metropolis.'

'I suppose you want to do a lot of shopping?'

'Not I,' said Mrs. Ralt, 'unless you want to see me a bit smarter, old man. I suppose I am a trifle dowdy. However, neither you nor I ever set up for being beauties,' she added, dispassionately.

But Mr. Ralt was apparently quite contented with his wife's appearance, for he protested fondly ; though at the moment she was far from looking her best, being clad in a gentlemanly striped dressing-gown, with a small pigtail of iron-gray hair hanging down her shoulders, and a much larger one laid openly upon the dressing-table.

'I'm sure you always look very nice, Blanche. I don't know anybody who gets herself up in a more thoroughly sensible manner. And as for me, I ain't handsome and don't want to be ; but I've got a good old-fashioned sporting kind of face,' said Mr. Ralt, very simply. 'What more can a man want ? And I suppose you saw something in it, or you wouldn't have had me.'

'To be sure I shouldn't,' said Blanche.

Mr. Ralt waited for a moment in case his wife showed any inclination to explain herself further concerning her sudden determination to stay in London ; but, as she did not, he shook his head with a puzzled expression and remarked,

'Well, I know you're always doing kindnesses to someone, Blanche.'

'H'm, this may prove a very doubtful kindness,' said Mrs. Ralt grimly. 'But meantime, Bob, as we are here, and as we mean to stop here, we may as well enjoy ourselves.'

'By all means. I'll make out a regular programme at once,' said Mr. Ralt, with brightening eyes. 'You know, Blanche, I like London well enough. It's *you* who don't like it.'

'I hate smart clothes and I don't care much for smart people,' said Mrs. Ralt candidly. 'Not that I've had much to do with either for the last twenty years. Papa was a great one for society and so on, but I leave all that to Augusta; it is more in her line than mine, though I have no doubt she makes a fine fool of herself. Her head is not one to stand being made a fuss of.'

'I don't see why people should make less fuss of you than of Augusta,' said Mr. Ralt, in offended accents. 'You must not forget that if you *have* married a poor fellow who doesn't set up to be a swell, you are quite as well born as your sister.'

'I am not likely to forget that,' said Blanche, laughing heartily. 'Something very odd indeed would have to happen before one twin sister could be less well born than the other! And as for my father, everyone knows old Sam Mocha was a self-made man, who owed both his money and his peerage to his own exertions, and the more credit too. All nonsense about birth, dear old man. If the Bible's true, we all came from Adam and Eve; and if it isn't, we all came from protoplasms'; in this airy manner did Mrs. Ralt sum up the history of human origin. 'Whichever it is, I cannot see that it gives us much occasion to boast. Now look here; I've got a nice little luncheon party for Sunday. George Chilcott and David Moore, and George's boy Hector, who's got an exeat or something. Anyway, he's come up to see his father and uncle. And Augusta is going to bring Grace Trumoin and Philippa, and an odious Frenchwoman whom she's taken a violent fancy to; so we shall be quite a pleasant party. And as soon as you're dressed I want you to toddle round and secure a table at the Navarre.'

'But why not ask them to dine?'

'You don't suppose I could get Augusta to dine under three weeks' notice! but I've booked some of the others for dinners and theatres,' said Mrs. Ralt cheerfully. 'Augusta rather likes lunching at restaurants, and she told me the Navarre had a new *chef*, which was a pretty broad hint. Meanwhile, I'll leave you

to take places somewhere for to-night and to-morrow for our two selves. Something light and bright in the musical comedy line, eh ?'

'It's the only kind of show *I* have any use for,' said Mr. Ralt, with much relief. 'A man doesn't want to have to think, you know, after he's eaten a good dinner.'

'No, no, nor a woman either,' said Mrs. Ralt; 'and we needn't be in town at all in the daytime—to speak of,' she added, soothingly, 'with the little car always ready to nip off anywhere at a moment's notice.'

'No more we need,' said Mr. Ralt, and his rubicund face shone with satisfaction at the reminder.

At sixteen even despair is transitory, and three days after her melancholy disillusionment concerning Augusta's perfection, Philippa wrote to her mother as follows :

MY DARLING MUM,—The reason I have not written for so long is that I waited to be able to tell you about Mme. Minart, the companion whom Cousin Augusta has engaged to write her letters and do lots of other things ; but while I am here she takes me for walks and has meals with me when Cousin Augusta is out.

I would not write at once, as I know you think my judgments are apt to be hasty, but I can now tell you that Mme. Minart is by *far* the nicest person I have ever met. Of course, it helps my French very much to be talking to her all day. Cousin Augusta likes her as much as I do, which is a great comfort. I know *now* what you mean by being tactful when I see Mme. Minart with Cousin Augusta. I assure you in three days I have learnt more tact from Mme. Minart than in all the rest of my life without her. Now, mamma, you used to say I ought to have a finishing governess, and of course I hated the idea ; but if you could only persuade Cousin Augusta to let you have Mme. Minart for me, I should be simply delighted. She is thoroughly able to finish girls, for she lived with a Grand Duchess in Russia and finished all her girls ; she told me so herself. This is quite my own idea about her coming to me, and to show you how discreet I am, *I have not told her* I am writing to ask you about this. She is very good-looking ; I don't know if you would call her handsome. I do, but it is a face which grows upon one. At first sight I thought her almost plain. She is very dark, inclined to be yellow, and has a slight moustache ; but even this is fascinating *when you know her well*. Cousin Augusta says she is sure she has Spanish blood. Her eyes are simply enormous, such a *dark brown* you can hardly tell the pupil from the iris, and her black hair comes down nearly to her knees, you never saw anything like it. Of course, Cousin Augusta's maid is jealous of her, and poor Roper can't bear her, but you know how prejudiced servants are against foreigners. She is not young, she must be at least thirty, but quite well preserved and active, and it is a comfort to walk with someone who can walk as fast as I do. Holland has an absurd train and high heels which trip her up, and Roper gets so breathless that she bursts her dress, and even her boots, whereas Mme. Minart wears such neat shoes and short, very smart, skirts, and is so interested in everything one tells her that she is a delightful companion. To please you, mother darling, I am going to take

more interest in my clothes, especially as I now have much prettier ones. To show you how delightful Mme. Minart must be, though I had been looking forward so to luncheon with Lady Kentisbury, I was actually quite sorry to leave her when the time came yesterday for me to go. Lady K. was very kind to me, and said I must call her Cousin Jane; and the others called me by my Christian name as we are cousins. Charlie is very fair and rather pretty, which must feel wretched for a boy. He looks no older than Hector, and is not half so broad though he is twenty-one, but he has very nice manners, almost like Cousin Cecil, and does not give himself airs because he happens to be a year or two older than oneself; so we got on very well, especially when Cousin Jane left us alone. I like him much better than Joanna, who is an affected pig; she is eighteen, and not so pretty as Charlie. To-morrow Charlie is going to take us all down to Ranelagh in his new motor. He is going to teach me to drive it, but don't be nervous, as Lady Kentisbury will be with us, and she is far more frightened about him than even you are about me. I am now enjoying myself very much, but I wish you would let me go to the Lundys' dance. Granny said I was to ask you again. Their daughter is only seventeen, and it is only for boys and girls. Charlie and Joanna are going, and Joanna said with a horrid smile, 'Of course you can't go as you're not out.' I am a head taller than she is and look years older. There is a horrid old Major Cymbert always coming here who once wanted to marry Cousin Augusta. He talks to me exactly as though I were a child. I must say it is very annoying. Mme. Minart has shown Roper a lovely way to do my hair; neither up nor down, but just right for a *jeune fille*. Please, please say yes about the dance. I'm afraid I wrote rather horridly about it the other day, but if you only could understand how hateful it is to be treated like a little girl when you're so nearly grown up you *would* let me go. Please write at once to say you will, dear mummie.

Your affectionate daughter,

PHILIPPA ADELSTANE.

This letter brought no particular consolation to Catherine, who lay awake at night, wondering what kind of woman this could be who in three days had obtained so much influence over her daughter. She penned a long, apologetic, anxious letter to Augusta on the subject, and the reply brought only partial satisfaction. Augusta wrote of course in a violent hurry. The words, *In Haste*, might have been inscribed on her notepaper with her address, so invariably did they recur in her communications to her relatives and friends. Like most persons who have nothing to do from morning till night, she never had a moment to spare. She assured Catherine of Mme. Minart's excellent qualities as an instructress and guardian of youth; and almost in one sentence added that she was a most trustworthy and devoted companion for Philippa, and that Philippa was scarcely ever with her, as nothing would induce Augusta to allow the girl out of her sight for a moment. Catherine was obliged to gather what comfort she might from these contradictory assurances.

Meanwhile the blank of Philippa's absence was perceptibly

lessened by the companionship of little Lily. Catherine experienced occasionally a bewildered feeling that the child of her dreams had come to life, and felt almost jealous for Philippa's sake ; almost resentful that the little arms which clung to her so faithfully were not Philippa's arms ; yet realising that such demonstrative love was not in Philippa's nature.

Lily showed no preference for Miss Dulcinea, but followed her godmother about like a shadow.

In the morning, poor Catherine daily spent an anxious hour over her letter to Philippa ; writing and re-writing ; wording her news as carefully as though she were framing a diplomatic despatch, fearful of offending her child's susceptibilities by giving too much good advice, and of neglecting her duty by withholding it altogether. During this long hour Lily sat like a mouse in a corner ; poring over her lesson, and ready to repeat it perfectly the moment Cousin Catherine closed her envelope. Lily learnt to listen for the little sigh which heralded this moment, and it never failed to come.

In her heart she felt she knew why Catherine sighed, though she could not, perhaps, have put the feeling into words ; but Catherine never guessed how intently the black eyes watched her as she bent over her little writing-table in the green-shaded parlour. When she rose, and went out into the kitchen garden, the little figure in a pink sunbonnet followed her there. Catherine cut lettuces and pulled spring onions, and gathered young spinach with her own hands ; and Lily carried the basket, and helped to pick the green gooseberries and ripe strawberries, making grave comments which often obliged Catherine to laugh.

In the afternoon the child played mysterious games with fir-cones, under shrubby bushes, talking to herself all the while ; or, if she were permitted, buried herself in a story-book, and remained lost to earth until she was called to tea. In the evening she took the smallest watering-pot, and watered the geraniums and the ferns and the young lettuces as carefully as could be wished ; and Catherine smiled to recall Philippa's early efforts in this direction : the trampled flower-beds, the soaked shoes, and the dripping skirts which inevitably resulted.

Children have often far more delicacy of feeling than their elders give them credit for, and Lily preserved a large share of that natural reserve which is common in little maidens towards their elders ; Catherine respected it, and never attempted to lift

the veil of the child's silence concerning her home life. But she watched the little face grow daily brighter, the frightened twinkle develop into a frank smile, unafraid and unconcealed, and she perceived that this elfin furtive creature was in reality possessed of a merry soul, while the coaxing ways, which the Chilcotts called artful, only recalled to Catherine the affectionate warmth of heart and manner which had characterised Lily's mother. Though the child's caresses might sadden, yet in a manner they consoled Catherine for much that she had lost.

The love of Delia's child was precious to her, and she grew daily more interested in the training of a mind precociously intelligent; though its native sincerity had been, alas! warped by fear.

'Lily, things that aren't true have no real meaning. The world is full of tangles, and every time you tell a fib you add another little tangle, instead of helping the brave men and true who are striving all over the world to set things straight.'

'Like sowing more little weeds in a garden,' said Lily, sympathetically.

Catherine felt the surprised sense of being understood that often assailed her when she talked fancifully to Lily.

'I will help you pull up the little weeds, and you must start fresh and only let flowers grow in your little garden. When you have said something that is not quite true, stop and correct yourself,' said Catherine encouragingly, 'that will be pulling up the weed.'

'Won't you be angry with me?'

'No; I shall know it is only a bad habit, and that you are trying hard to cure yourself.'

Into this scheme for her own improvement Lily entered with much zest, and found it as good a game as any she had ever invented for herself.

Down the path of Fate now came stepping daintily, to meet George Chilcott, the languid, slender form of Lady Grace Trumoin.

David Moore was by no means sure that he approved of this result of his earnest counsel to his brother-in-law, or whether the calm and experienced woman of the world were altogether suited to be the successor of Delia. He had imagined a fresh young bride, who would brighten the dull existence of George, pet little Lily, and disperse the gloom which hung over Bridescombe.

Lady Grace was an unknown quantity. Nobody could foresee

what she would choose to do, but it was very evident that she would do what she chose; and that George was attracted by the very elements of strength and reserve in her character which most repelled David. This David perceived a very few days after their arrival in town; but, however amenable George might be to his influence, there were limits to the advice which could be offered him; and his brother-in-law could only rejoice to perceive that Lily's father had shaken off his depression almost immediately after depositing his child in Catherine's care, and that every day spent in their bachelor rooms appeared to restore to him something of the careless jollity and placid good nature which had characterised his boyhood.

'It was time I had a change, David,' he repeated more than once. 'One begins to take a jaundiced view, you know. Yes, that's it—a jaundiced view of one's surroundings, if one looks at them too closely for too long at a time.'

Being of an optimistic and modest disposition, he even grew inclined to blame himself for the state of things which had arisen at Bridescombe, and which, as he frankly owned to David, made his life at times almost unbearable.

'I've no great gift for organisation, David, and I sometimes don't feel sure that going into the army is the best preparation for settling down on one's own place, after all; and yet I can't help being glad Hector's set his heart on soldiering. Hope he'll pull off his exams. all right, but he ain't remarkable for brains, I'm afraid. I suppose I ought to hold forth to him about working and so forth, poor fellar, more than I do. But I ain't much of a disciplinarian.'

'I don't believe jawing a boy does a bit of good,' said David. 'Let's have him here, give him the time of his life, and have one or two of the best to dine and do a play with us. Inspire him more than any preaching of yours or mine.'

This form of discipline so recommended itself to young Hector, that he confided to Philippa at the Ralts' luncheon party that he wished his father would take up his abode permanently with Colonel Moore.

'He would be neglecting his duties at home,' said Philippa, severely. 'Oh, Hector, mamma has telegraphed that I may go to the Lundys' dance after all. Won't it be lovely? How I wish you were coming!'

'I'm jolly glad I'm not. I should hate it like anything,' said the civil Hector. 'Besides, it's only for half-baked kids, not a

real dance. I say, Phil, d'you think you'll be here for the Eton and Harrow ?'

'I think so. I was to stay six weeks.'

'That's all right. I shall see you there. Be sure you're properly got up. You might wear the rig-out you've got on now. That hat is really frightfully decent. Very unlike the things you wear at Welwysbere. I suppose Lady Adelstane chose it.'

'As if a boy of your age knew anything about hats. I chose it myself as it happens,' said Philippa, disdainfully, and she turned her shoulder upon the youth.

'Don't get stuffy,' he advised. 'I shall be gone to-morrow, and then you'll be sorry. Who is the foreign lady ? It makes everything stiff when people are obliged to jabber French.'

'It is Mme. Minart, Cousin Augusta's companion,' said Philippa eagerly.

'What does she want a companion for now she's got you ?'

'Oh, Hector, she's such an angel !'

'Do you mean she's your latest craze ?' said Hector, unimpressed.

'I don't know what you mean by my latest craze. She's my great friend. I only wish you had a tenth part of her tact,' said Philippa with dignity.

'I only wish I had,' said Hector, derisively. 'If I could butter up old Slocum as she's buttering up Uncle David, it would be very greatly to my advantage.'

'So Cinderella is to be allowed to go to the ball after all, eh, Philippa ?' cried Mrs. Ralt. 'I wish you joy of your first dance, my dear. I wish you better luck than I had at mine, for I only got one partner ; and I tripped him up, so down I came, and sprained my ankle and had to be carried home.'

The noise of the band, the clatter of the service, and the chatter of the crowd in the restaurant rendered a *tête-à-tête* not only safe, but preferable to those who did not care to scream so loudly as Mrs. Ralt.

'I have really found a treasure,' said Augusta to Lady Grace, next whom she had insisted upon seating herself. 'Mme. Minart has been going through the accounts for me, and finds the household extravagance appalling. I have a very great mind to let her be housekeeper and get rid of Mrs. Joliffe. She was once housekeeper to a German baron and his wife, and is always pressing me to write to them about her.'

'How delightful!' said Lady Grace, vaguely.

'She has taken Philippa completely off my hands. This afternoon, for instance, they are off to the Zoo together. Imagine my relief. My last Sunday afternoon was a perfect frost. Men can't and won't talk before a girl of that age. Nobody in fact can open their mouths. She feels it herself, poor darling, and it makes her more *farouche* than ever. You will say I ought to cure her, but really it's easier said than done.'

'She looks happy enough now.'

'I can't think why Blanche asked that boy,' said Augusta, lowering her voice prudently, for George was seated next her on her other side. 'Nor his father either. The very people whom Philippa meets every day at home.'

Lady Grace knew very well why Mrs. Ralt had asked George Chilcott and his son, but she made no response to Augusta.

'Going to the Zoo!' cried Mr. Ralt. 'What an excellent idea! Blanche, do you hear? Philippa and Mme. Minart are going to the Zoo. Let us make up a party and go all together.'

'I can give you as many orders as you choose,' said Augusta, making it clear that she had no intention of joining Mr. Ralt's party.

'To the Zoo! One would think we were a lot of kids!' said Hector, in an indignant aside to Philippa. But since his father and uncle did not share his prejudices against this childish form of amusement, he was obliged to conceal his feelings, and consoled himself by the reflection that perhaps old Ralt would let him try his hand at driving the car.

'I tell you what, Augusta, when we call at your house for the tickets, you can let us have all the fruit you can spare for the animals,' said Mrs. Ralt cheerfully. 'They will appreciate a change from nuts and buns.'

'I never heard of anything so extravagant!' said Augusta, sincerely shocked.

'How wonderfully you speak English, madame,' said Colonel Moore to his neighbour.

'I have lived many years in this country,' said Mme. Minart's mellow contralto tones modestly. 'Not always in the same family—one does not improve so. One learns nothing. And besides, people grow tired of always the same governess—the same companion. I do not blame them. I feel the same. There are many,' said Mme. Minart, with a twinkle in her dark eyes, 'who

would be glad to change their family—their relatives—from time to time—if they could.’

‘There certainly are. You are a student of human nature, I perceive,’ said David politely.

‘It is necessary to study in order to please,’ she said, with a smile more melancholy than cheerful, and David’s susceptible heart was instantly touched to compassion. ‘I have had to please people so different—of so many classes, even. I know your family of the suburb very well—of your country gentleman—that is again different—of the Anglo-Indian—altogether another—of the parsonage—the professional—the Londoner—of the great families who have many houses. The worldly, the pious, the vulgar, the simple, are to be found in each class. But always the higher you go, the more simple—the more courteous. Before you can be quite simple you must be very great—is it not so, monsieur?’

‘It may very well be so,’ said David laughing. ‘You have had more opportunities than I of knowing, I expect.’

‘Ah, that to me reveals you,’ she said archly. ‘The gentleman who makes no pretence.’ David’s expressive face betrayed uneasiness, almost alarm, at this compliment; and she hastened to smooth it away. An inflection of pleading, of humility crept into her voice. ‘I speak perhaps too plainly, but you will pardon me. For you seemed to me perhaps—not so English as——’

‘I am half an Irishman,’ said David.

‘I knew it,’ said Mme. Minart, and again her accent betrayed that subtle hint of flattery. But a moment later she was all attention to Augusta, who was begging Colonel Moore to escort her and Philippa to the Lundys’ dance.

‘But I don’t know the Lundys.’

‘I assure you they are dying to know you. And they are going to send you a card to-morrow,’ said Augusta, determining to despatch a note to Lady Lundy and ask for this favour directly she returned home. ‘I am afraid Cecil won’t be back. It is too provoking of him, for I wanted him to see Philippa at her first dance; but so it is. And I have only boys and girls coming to dinner, and shall be quite too wretched without another old person to keep me in countenance,’ said Augusta, comfortably.

‘I shall be delighted,’ said David.

Mme. Minart observed the frank flush of pleasure in Philippa’s face, and the sparkle in her blue eye.

‘She has everything in the world before her,’ thought the French-

woman. 'Love, money, position all to come, and she has youth and beauty and a health that is perfect. She takes all good things as her due. What could I not have done—what could I not have been, with but half the chances of this child?'

Philippa's good spirits were now entirely restored. Though her cousin Augusta's friendship had failed her, yet that vacant place had been, as it seemed to her, miraculously filled up by this delightful Mme. Minart, who was, after all, a far cleverer and more agreeable companion than Augusta could ever be. The flattery of the Frenchwoman had in fact sunk deeply into Philippa's soul, and soothed her wounded self-esteem completely.

She looked forward to her first dance without any regrets save one—that Mme. Minart could not be present to behold her bliss. There was no doubt in Philippa's innocent mind but that such an occupation would afford her new friend the most exquisite pleasure. She was at this period of her existence well aware that middle-aged persons find all their happiness in looking on at the happiness of the young, and are not so unreasonable as to expect enjoyment on their own account.

(To be continued.)

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